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The Listener

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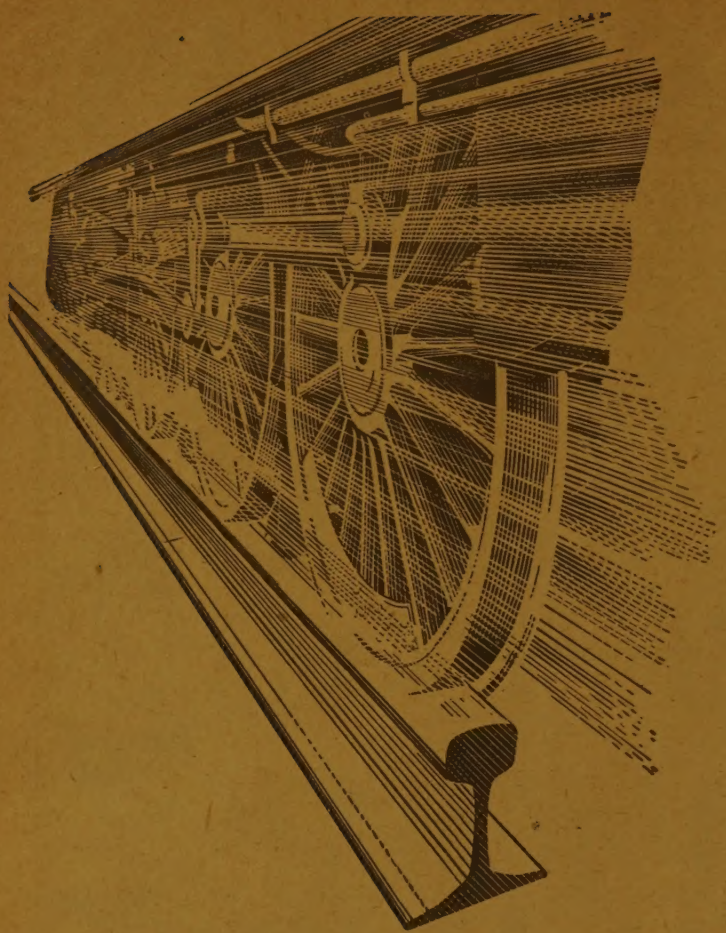
'Picture Post' Library

The Highland Brigade under Sir Colin Campbell storming the heights at the battle of the Alma. March 28 is the centenary of the outbreak of the Crimean War (see 'Looking On at War', by Cecil Woodham-Smith, page 517)

In this number:

Britain and the Inter-American Conference (George Pendle)
Methods of Forecasting the Weather (O. G. Sutton)
The Background to 'Dubliners' (Stanislaus Joyce)



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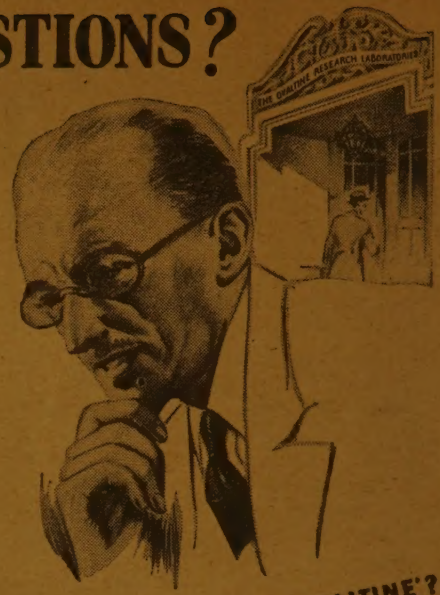

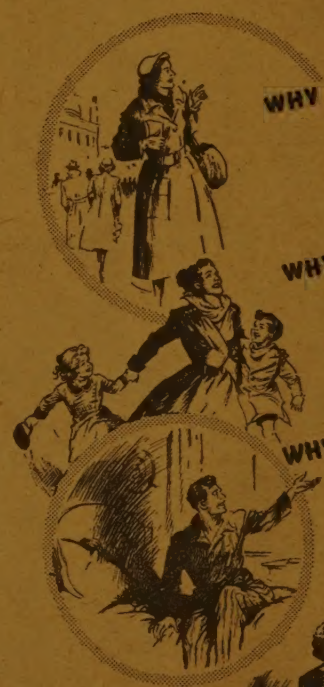

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Three International Portents

By RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

THREE things happened last week which particularly interested me. They have this in common—that, although none of them is decisive in itself, they could all have considerable, perhaps profound, effects on the future. The first was the slightly better news from Kenya. It is now nearly eighteen months since the Mau Mau emergency began in Kenya. And during this time many people have felt that behind all the official optimism things were in reality going from bad to worse. But now—and here I am prepared to stick my neck out a bit—I think the outlook is rather better than at any time since the emergency began. That is not saying much, but the outlook has been improved by the fact that there has seemed to be some response to the attempt to negotiate with the Mau Mau leaders through 'General' China—although the failure to make contact over the week-end was admittedly a setback. My own feeling is that things have also been improved by the constitutional compromise that Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, was able to achieve during his three weeks' visit to the colony. As a result, all four races—African, Indian, Arab, and European—are to take more of a hand in their own government.

Mr. Lyttelton's idea of including an African in a new kind of war cabinet in Kenya has been criticised as doing too little and too late. It will not satisfy the Africans, people say, and it will only make any African associated with the Government lose caste with his own people. It also means transferring more power from the Colonial Office to the local whites. But I fail to see what else could have been done. You cannot run Kenya from London indefinitely, and it is vital to try to get what effective help you can from the African leaders in dealing with the emergency. This thing may not work, but Mr. Lyttelton feels that it is the 'highest common factor of agreement'.

The reason that I am mainly more optimistic than I was is the break in the emergency itself. On the one hand there suddenly seems to be a possibility of getting at least some of the Mau Mau leaders to surrender—I think the European settlers who opposed this were making a mistake. Then, the Mau Mau gangs are coming out of the forests more, and that gives a greater chance of fighting them effectively; their casualties have lately gone up sharply. As a result, I think the situation in Kenya might be very much more under control by the early summer.

This possibility—and I say only a possibility—is a very important development. It means that the new constitutional proposals of Mr. Lyttelton's, which are themselves a product of the emergency, may yet succeed in marking an entirely new stage in the evolution of this unhappy colony, which has suffered so much from lack of good leadership. But if progress could be made on the Kenya problem, it would help in solving the fundamental dilemma of Africa: how are people of such very mixed races to live together in freedom and peace? For, in spite of all the encouraging progress made in the Gold Coast; in spite of the bitterly controversial steps towards Central African federation; and in spite of the determination with which the South Africans pursue their policy of 'whites first', I have yet to meet anyone who can be really clear and convincing when they talk about the future in

Africa. This dark, and in many ways decadent, continent is still one of the great enigmas of our modern world.

Now for the second event that interested me—in a sense, another 'colonial' engagement, this time in Asia. Last week, the communist-led Viet-Minh launched an all-out attack on the French strongpoint of Dien Bien Phu in the north-west of Indo-China. Dien Bien Phu, I think, is a name that will go down in the history books, even perhaps here in England. The outcome of this attack is still uncertain, but on it will depend the future of the war in Indo-China. And on that depends, in the last resort, the future of all south-east Asia. I remember so well, even as long ago as 1950, when I visited that part of the world, how I had the feeling that south-east Asia was gradually and inevitably slipping under communist control. But I was wrong. During the past four years the position in Malaya has improved a great deal; in Burma considerably. America has taken a new interest, and has helped to strengthen Siam. Indonesia has struggled along. And, as a result of prodigious French efforts combined with American aid, this crucial Indo-Chinese war has at least not been lost from a military point of view.

But now the battle for Dien Bien Phu is something new. It is on a far bigger scale than any previous Viet-Minh attack on a fortress; the Viet-Minh rebel commander has had perhaps 40,000 troops engaged and the Government about a division and a half. I think the French miscalculated in that they did not expect the Viet-Minh either to attack such a strong place or to commit so many troops in a single engagement. It is the first time that the Viet-Minh's anti-aircraft guns have prevented the French using an important airstrip. This battle takes place against a background of slowly declining political morale, which means that a French defeat would have a psychological effect out of all proportion to the direct military issues involved; it would be a major disaster, just as, if they held Dien Bien Phu—which now looks hopeful—it would be regarded as a great victory.

Lastly, this critical battle is being fought at a moment when talk in Paris is running more strongly than ever in favour of trying to negotiate a truce; and when the Geneva Conference of the Big Five, which will include Communist China for the first time, is barely a month off. Obviously the fate of Dien Bien Phu will have a marked effect on negotiations about Indo-China at Geneva, and I do not doubt that that is precisely what the communists intended. But if the fortress does fall, then any possible truce is likely to be so favourable to the communists in Indo-China that it may reverse the anti-communist build-up all over south-east Asia.

Now just a word on my third point. I can imagine few things more frightening than the discovery in Japanese markets last week of radio-active fish. Some are even reported to have been caught over 1,000 miles away from the scene of the colossal American atomic explosion in the Pacific on March 1. This explosion of a new hydrogen bomb clearly got out of hand. It was three times as big as the scientists had expected, with a force over 500 times that of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima at the end of the war; it shattered instruments and caused burns out in the so-called 'safe' area; and it seriously injured the crew of a fishing boat nearly 100 miles from the seat of the explosion.

The Americans have started an official enquiry and postponed a second test until more precautions could be taken. But it does seem that two things come out of this business and they may affect our thinking about atomic warfare very considerably. First, we may already have reached a point where nations will voluntarily have to curtail their exploitation of atomic energy. Discoveries, for instance, of how to make even bigger bombs than the present ones may soon become academic. Secondly, I think there are the most appalling evils being stored up for the future in the disposal of radio-active waste; very little is said about this problem, but some of this waste can go on being dangerously radio-active indefinitely, and there is not going to be enough room on this planet to store it safely.—*Home Service*

Britain and the Inter-American Conference

By GEORGE PENDLE

SINCE the beginning of March representatives of the Latin American republics and of the United States have been in conference at Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. These inter-American meetings are held every five years, and normally you would not expect them to have much bearing on British interests. This year, however, we have been closely concerned in two of the main items on the agenda.

At the very beginning of the conference, the United States demanded that vigorous action should be taken to prevent the growth of communism in Latin America. If at any time the political institutions of one of the republics came under the domination of the international communist movement, the United States required that all the other American countries should combine and take 'appropriate action'. This might mean economic sanctions or even military measures similar to those adopted in Korea. Now there are two British colonies on the Latin American mainland—British Honduras and British Guiana—and it so happens that in recent months there have been signs of communist influence in both of them. It is said that the principal political party in British Honduras—the anti-British, but not communist, People's United Party—has been receiving financial aid and encouragement from the Government of the neighbouring country, Guatemala; and it is generally agreed that the present Guatemalan Government is dominated by communists. Or, as the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, puts it, controlled by men who are carrying out the wishes of Moscow. As for British Guiana, the local political leaders who were removed from office last year were known to have communist sympathies and were supposed to have received assistance from communists in northern Brazil, across the frontier. Therefore, although Great Britain is not officially represented at the inter-American conference, this general question of communism on the Latin American mainland is of real concern to us.

But another matter which has been discussed at Caracas is of even greater importance for the British Commonwealth: I mean the demand for the abolition of colonies in Latin America. This is aimed chiefly at Great Britain, for Guatemala, Venezuela (not so seriously), and Argentina (very insistently) have long-standing claims respectively on British Honduras, British Guiana, and the Falkland Islands (to which are attached the Falkland Dependencies in Antarctica). Indeed, all Latin Americans genuinely feel that it is an anachronism that a European power should still have colonies in their midst, although they cannot pretend that Great Britain is holding Latin American people in subjection, because the populations of these colonies are not at all 'Latin American' by race, culture, or inclination.

Some Latin Americans argue that the United States should support the demand for the abolition of 'colonialism'. But what would happen if Britain suddenly abandoned these colonies today? Guatemala—with its communist regime—would undoubtedly gobble up little British Honduras, whose total population is only about 70,000. And British Guiana would certainly fall under the control of the communist-sympathising leaders of its People's Progressive Party. Thus there would exist two communistic countries on the eastern seaboard of the continent, the one not far to the north and the other not far to the south of America's vital Panama Canal. As for the Falklands: if we were to withdraw from those bleak, wind-swept islands, the Argentines would at once occupy them; and Argentina is the United States' traditional rival for Latin American leadership. Should the U.S.A. ever

again be at war, a few well-aimed bombs might close the Panama Canal; and if at that time the Falkland Islands and Dependencies were in unfriendly hands, the southern and only remaining route for shipping between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans would be a precarious passage indeed, for the Falklands are strategically placed in relation to the Straits of Magellan and Cape Horn. So the United States cannot possibly wish that we should surrender the three territories—whose people are gradually acquiring greater power in the management of their own affairs—to communistic and Peronista hot-heads.

Those are the two principal threads which have involved Great Britain in the complex inter-American conference at Caracas. At the start, the Guatemalan Foreign Minister complicated the situation even further by announcing, in the most violent language, that the United States' campaign to curb the supposed influence of Soviet Russia in his country was an attempt to interfere in Guatemala's internal affairs and contrary to the whole spirit of inter-American brotherhood. This harangue was greeted with enthusiastic applause from the other Latin Americans, who are always jubilant when one of their number stands up courageously to the 'Colossus of the North'. They are all very sensitive about their own national sovereignty, as is quite understandable. Mr. Dulles replied to the Guatemalan delegate in an able speech wherein he explained that local communism, no matter where it emerged, invariably became an instrument of Soviet intervention. But at this stage the American Secretary of State received only lukewarm support: the U.S.S.R. is so far distant from Latin America, and 'dollar imperialism' is—or seems to be—a much more immediate danger.

Another troublesome matter was then raised. The Panamanian delegate—who is Señora Remón, the glamorous wife of the President of Panama—bitterly accused the United States of racial discrimination. 'Panamanians', she said, 'do just the same kind of work in the Panama Canal Zone as the North Americans, but they receive far less pay for it'. Once again, the Latin Americans applauded loudly, and they were delighted when Señora Remón proceeded to suggest that the best way for the United States to counteract communism in Latin America would be by helping to raise the working-class standard of living. Economic aid is just what everyone wants to obtain from the United States; but it must be on the Latin Americans' own terms: otherwise, it would be 'dollar imperialism'. There is always a suspicion that the North Americans look upon Latin America mainly as a source of strategic raw materials and a dumping ground for United States manufactured goods, and that the United States is therefore opposed to industrialisation 'south of the border'. But the Latin Americans are convinced, and probably rightly; that they can raise their own standard of living only by means of industrialisation. So they say that if Washington's 'good neighbour' policy is to mean anything at all, the United States should help them with their industrial expansion.

Thus the United States went to Caracas determined to secure acceptance of a strong anti-communist resolution. The Latin American republics went to Caracas hoping to obtain United States assistance in the solving of their economic problems. Consequently, from the start of the conference it was evident that a bargain might be struck. If the United States Government were to indicate that it was willing to give sympathetic attention to Latin America's economic requirements, then the Latin Americans might agree to sign a more energetic denunciation of communism than they really liked or deemed necessary. Last week Mr. Dulles made a final move to reach a compromise. He invited the Latin Americans to attend a special conference at which their economic problems would be discussed. This pleased them. Then the American Secretary of State announced an addition to his original anti-communist resolution, 'designed', he said, 'to protect and not to impair the inalienable rights of each State freely to choose its own form of government and economic system and to live its own social and cultural life'. This amendment did the trick. When the voting on the anti-communist resolution took place on Saturday, seventeen Latin American republics voted in favour of it. Mexico and Argentina abstained. And the one country to vote against it, naturally, was Guatemala.

On leaving Caracas for Washington, Mr. Dulles said that the fact that one nation had opposed the anti-communist declaration proved how necessary that declaration was. And he added, rather ominously: 'Now, of course, we will have the task of ensuring that the enemies of freedom do not move into the breach which has been disclosed within our ranks'.

The assurance of an economic conference and the conclusion of the anti-communist ballot left the way open for the next major question: Argentina's resolution regarding 'colonialism'. It was in these words:

> (1) It is the will of the people of America definitely to eliminate colonialism and the occupation of territories.
>
> (2) The American republics are in sympathy with the legitimate aspirations of the nations currently subject to foreign powers.
>
> (3) The American republics express their solidarity with the just aspirations of the peoples of the Americas for the restitution of territories held by extra-continental powers, and repudiate the use of force for the continuance of such occupation.

This resolution was put to the vote and was adopted. All the Latin American republics voted in favour of it. The United States—as was to be expected—quietly abstained. Washington's point of view on this question of 'colonialism' is that, if it is to be discussed at all, it is a matter for the United Nations, as the colonial powers (primarily Great Britain) are not represented in the inter-American group.

It is much too early to know what the practical effects of the Caracas meeting will be. Latin Americans are always apt to expect too much of these get-togethers. At each successive conference they are inclined to imagine that the United States will come forward with some miraculous financial cure for their economic troubles—which, in reality, are 'teething troubles'. They are still young countries, under-populated, under-developed, and—in spite of their exuberant optimism—as yet unsure of their course. Therefore, for the time being it is inevitable that inter-American conferences should produce pious hopes rather than clear-cut programmes and resolute action. The present meeting is unlikely to be an exception to the rule. Gradually, however, with the passing of the years, the need for continental co-operation becomes more apparent. It is true that there are ill-concealed rivalries at Caracas; arrogant claims have been made; and there has been plenty of oratory. But it is quite clear, too, that the American countries are aware of their common interests and that they are feeling their way towards a way of life of their own. Sceptics will say that agreements reached at these conferences amount to nothing but words. Mr. Dulles provided the answer to that comment last week, when he remarked, with sincerity and emphasis: 'Of course, words alone will not suffice. But words can be meaningful'.—*General Overseas Service*

General Templer's Technique in Malaya

By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. correspondent in south-east Asia

THE High Commissioner in the Federation of Malaya, General Sir Gerald Templer, has this month begun a series of farewell visits to various parts of the Federation. He leaves Malaya in June, and in December he is to take up a new appointment as Commander of the Northern Army Group of the Allied Forces in Central Europe, and Commander-in-Chief British Army of the Rhine.

Not long ago I accompanied him on a routine two-day journey into Perak State—four-fifths jungle, mountainous, remote, primitive, and partly unexplored; the kind of place where you would not be surprised to find at any rate a new kind of insect, bird, or animal; the kind of place where the unknown and the mysterious still have a compelling power over men.

A Routine Journey

So far as the High Commissioner was concerned, this particular journey was a perfectly routine one. In his office at King's House in Kuala Lumpur, General Templer has a map in which are stuck pins to show the places he and Lady Templer have visited during their time here. I should say at a guess that there are some hundreds. In the Federation there is certainly no inhabited area of any size where he has not been at some time or another in order to see for himself how things are going.

As it turned out, the programme provided good examples of the two types of activity which now exercise, in about equal proportions, the energies of government and security officials in Malaya. On the first day we saw what is being done to build up the peaceful Malaya that everybody hopes and expects will succeed the present times of trouble, and on the second day we saw something of what is being done to beat the communist terrorists. The tour was centred on Ipoh, the capital of Perak State. First on the list for inspection was a bridge 900 feet long which is being flung across the Perak river to replace the former inadequate pontoon bridge, and the present slow and equally inadequate ferry. Good bridges mean good trade, and a good bridge over the Perak river, which has a flow more powerful than its sluggishness suggests, means reinforced concrete. Piles for the new bridge were being prepared on the spot under the direction of a young European engineer who expects to have the job done by July. General Templer could remember the place as it was last October, when not even a beginning had been made with the bridge. His regret now was that he would not be in Malaya to drive over it when it was finished.

Then onwards, over the river and into the jungle, or at any rate into the edge of the jungle, for here the main thickness of the trees had been beaten back by the palms, the rice-fields, and vegetable plots, that gave a living to men and women of a graceful and leisurely civilisation. Here, at this particular point on the banks of the Perak river, the Malay people have barricaded themselves against the encroachments not only of terrorists, but also even of the peaceful Chinese merchants that are normally to be found wherever there are a few dozen houses.

This country is the old Malaya, the Malaya that Somerset Maugham writes about; the land of the slow river, the sarong, the quiet faces of children half hidden in the shade of the palms, and in the doorways of houses raised above the ground on poles. It is an idyllic world: it lives alongside another that is tougher. It can survive and develop only by helping itself. Jeeps took us along the edge of the river, on a path made sodden by rains which the sun could not fully dry through the roof of trees. Once a jeep bogged down and was towed out. We got out and ploughed through thick, tall grass to look at an experiment in growing cocoa trees. One day it is hoped their produce will supplement the villagers' rice sales. Some of the trees are yielding their fruit more quickly than is considered ideal by the text-books, and others are under constant attack by animals of the forest, but the experiment is to continue, for it is, as General Templer told the Agricultural Officer, important indeed and is all part of the self-help scheme.

Back into the jeeps, and then another tramp through steaming undergrowth, to look at an excavating machine shovelling prodigious quantities of mud out of a drainage canal which will one day, probably within two years, open up another 4,000 acres to rice cultivation and later contribute to a much larger project, covering about 180,000 acres. Soon afterwards we came to a school serving some 300 children from the little villages up and down the river. General Templer asked the headmaster how many copies a week he was getting of the pamphlets and children's papers issued by the Federal Information Services and the Colonial Office. The headmaster said he was getting one, which to me, personally, in this remote spot, seemed a reasonably high figure. The High Commissioner, however, promptly dipped into a bag and gave him half-a-dozen.

We reached the end of the path—the ten-mile journey had taken us two-and-a-quarter hours, including the stops—and crossed the river in a launch to visit a Home Guard unit in a village on the other side. They stood rigidly to attention in their jungle-green uniforms and slouch hats, while General Templer congratulated them on what they had done and urged them on to further efforts. Then, back into the launch and a slow chug upstream to where the bridge was being built.

This first day was devoted mainly to the peaceful side of the Federation's life: the second was more military and it took us into very different countryside. This time we were bound for the Kinta Valley, which contains one of the largest concentrations of tin mines in the world. It has, in the past, been a vulnerable place, the communists considering it to their advantage to intimidate certain employers and workers, and to try to damage the mines themselves. Even in normal times the valley looks not unlike the scene of a major battle; the tin-mining process leaves great scars on the ground, throws up mounds of earth, and dots the countryside with heavy equipment that might well, at a distance, be taken for derelict engines of war. Here, two years ago, the High Commissioner ordered the formation of Home Guard units. Home Guards are to be found wherever there is trouble; but the Kinta Home Guard is unique in being both full-time employed and almost entirely Chinese in composition. Only the senior officers are European. There are about 900 men distributed throughout the valley in small units. Recently, they killed their first terrorist: they showed General Templer exactly how and where they did this.

During an extensive tour of the valley, the High Commissioner made a thorough inspection of six posts in less than three hours. We also called in on two companies of the West Yorkshire Regiment who, standing naked from the waist upwards, heard General Templer say that the emergency was really a sort of small and rather difficult war. It was a long slog, with no easy answer to it, but it was encouraging to see more and more people on the side of the Government, especially the Chinese.

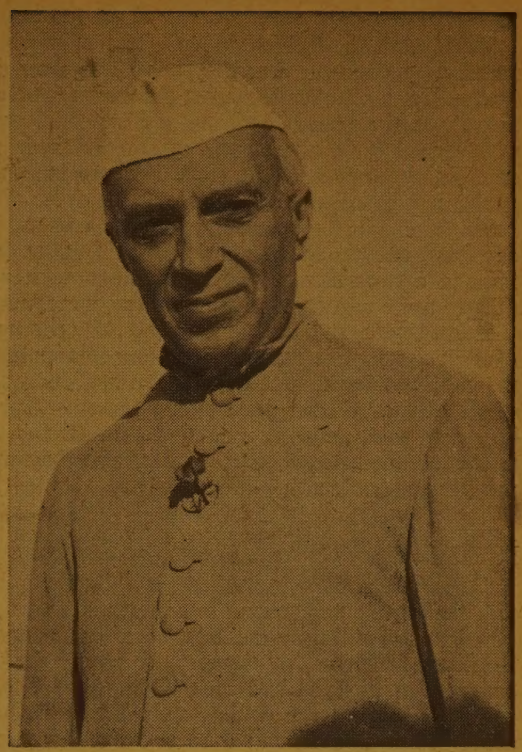
Changed Greetings

The Malays and Chinese whom we came across were welcoming, and apparently at ease, and willing both to listen to suggestions and make some of their own. This has not always been the case. The waving and smiles which now greet General Templer were not there two years ago, nor was the sense of purpose which has crept slowly but surely into the activities of these peoples.

Sir Gerald Templer, whose energy, even when negotiating a swampy and difficult bit of undergrowth, demands a good deal from those who follow in his footsteps, has a passion for asking questions and for taking action on the answers. His questions frequently probe so deeply into detail as to leave the person questioned, whether it be on matters political, military or economic, at a loss for a reply. The Prime Minister of Kedah State, addressing the High Commissioner during the latter's recent farewell visit there, said that he had introduced a new technique in leadership. This technique has included constant 'on-the-spot' investigations into every aspect of the life of the ordinary people, and it is perhaps by the perceptibly increased will of these ordinary people to fight communism, that the success of General Templer's technique can be most easily measured.—*From a talk in the General Overseas Service*

Sir Surendranath Banerjea (1848-1925)

Mahatma Gandhi (1869-1948)



Jawaharlal Nehru (*b.* 1889), Prime Minister of India

Tradition and Experiment in Asia—IV

The Indian Experiment

By CYRIL PHILIPS

EARLY one winter morning in 1948 I stood on the banks of the river Jumna looking across at the famous Taj Mahal. I was with an Indian friend who had taken me to see this tomb. It was a cold morning. There had been a fall of hail, and the mud flats looked like fields of snow. The minarets of the Taj stood out vividly against the deep blue sky. It all seemed beautiful, but also in a sense unreal. Suddenly my companion, pointing to the Taj, said—and he was referring back to a previous discussion—'There's India's ancient political legacy for you'. He sounded bitter—he was a member of the Indian Cabinet at that time running into difficulties—so I did not go on with the subject. I suppose what he meant was that new India could look in vain for political guidance to her own ancient past, that her political tradition was so slight that in the modern world she neither could nor would return to it. This divorce between society and government has persisted in India, and here the difference between the British and the Indian approach is at its extreme, for the British think that political forms of government must reflect society's purpose, must grow out of social institutions; and the Indians say that the reverse is possible and ought to be attempted even if it means a leap into the unknown.

This is the dilemma that perplexed the British in India for the last half century, this is the dilemma facing independent India today. In the absence of any native political tradition, is it possible to apply to India's caste and communal society a political model from *outside*, a political model in addition that reflects the ways and purposes of a western and totally different society?

This is the question I am going to discuss and, once again, I am going to do it by considering the work and the views of three representative Indians of our own day, of Banerjea, the Bengali nationalist, of Mahatma Gandhi, and of Jawaharlal Nehru.

All of these men grew up within the framework of British rule in India, and I think we should glance for a moment at the nature of that rule in order to understand their political background. Once the British started in earnest to conquer India it took them about fifty years, down to 1850, to sweep from the sea to the mountains; and then another fifty years, up to about 1900, to sort out, to understand, and to administer this new empire with its millions of strange people. The governments that the British replaced in India were mainly the governments of the Muslim invaders who had come into India from the north-west in the tenth century and whose political power had flowed over India by the fifteenth century. These Muslim governments had not disturbed the traditional Indian pattern of rule. On the whole, they did not reflect Indian society, and this society did not feel responsible for them. It was therefore easy for the British to knock them off their perch and to step into their place, incidentally forcing the Muslims into the position of a smaller, separate community side by side with Hindu caste society. The British set up no new type of government; all they did was to fit on to the old bodywork a reconditioned engine.

But whereas Hindu and Muslim rule in India had moved in only two dimensions, British rule developed in three, for the Indo-British empire was governed ultimately through parliament in London, and the British Administration in India could never for long escape their own home traditions. When the French were fought in Europe, they were fought in India; when the evangelicals applied themselves to change English life, they tried to change Indian life; when there was an age of reform in England there was an age of reform in India. At the same time, there was English education in Indian schools, and English ideas—and, therefore, ideas of representative government—were studied in the universities. And another thing was happening: through land settlement a new class of landlords was created; through free trade there was a vast movement of goods; towns like Calcutta and Bombay arose, linked by railway and road. Slowly, but inevitably, these forces squeezed to the surface of society a new class of men, living in towns throughout India, educated in English, a middle class that was not dependent on the Government. And, as it seemed suddenly in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, this class presented a British Government that was traditionally Indian in type with a political demand that was traditionally British in origin, the demand for representative government.

What were the British to do? The only working model of representative government that they knew was their own liberal democratic system. Yet when they looked at the model in relation to Indian society, they shook their heads doubtfully. How could you apply to a continent with a great mass of people a system which, in tiny Britain, depended on a well-educated middle class living so intimately that a responsible public opinion could quickly make itself felt. The British, too, were sufficiently alike to be able to discuss and vote and accept majority decisions, and yet to give flexibility and allow for progress and change through a two-party system. But Indian society was not any of these things: not compact, not homogeneous, not educated enough to produce a country-wide public opinion, and so split up between Hindu and Muslim as to make majority decisions unpopular and unworkable. And the thin, new crust of the middle class, less than one per cent. of the whole people, did not seem strong enough—or even sound enough—to bear any great political weight. So the British said, 'No, the English model cannot be applied to India', and they went on saying 'No'—though less confidently—down to 1917.

Parliamentary Government through the Middle Class?

During this phase it was the new Indian middle class who insisted that the British were wrong to hesitate. Perhaps the most representative of them, and certainly the most vocal and persuasive, was Banerjea. A Brahman of Bengal, a member of one of the new landlord families, educated in England and trained for the Bar, he argued that his class really understood the middle-class Victorian form of liberal government; as proof he pointed to some of his friends who had gone to England and got into parliament and there made their mark. When he wrote an autobiography he called it *A Nation in Making*, and he described the Indian middle class as an effective medium through which parliamentary government could be introduced. When he and his political friends met, as they did in the Indian National Congress, they usually started by affirming their loyalty to Britain and closed with three hearty cheers for the Queen Empress.

Banerjea, who was born in 1848, was the first Indian statesman to take advantage of the new railways to leave his own province and campaign from end to end of India. With him, Indian politics were born. He was, in a sense, India's Gladstone. He and his friends were so bent on making out India's claim for representative government that they even argued that India's political beginnings were democratic, and a whole school of India's historians quickly arose to support them, though the evidence in truth was scanty and unreliable. But here was a change, if you like! For whereas in earlier times Indian society reflected an other-worldly attitude to life, and showed little interest in history, here were Indians not only writing history but writing it with a political purpose. Whether what they said was true or not is irrelevant (and I do not propose to dive into this particular bed of thorns): the point at issue is not whether these democratic forms once existed, but whether they still continued vigorous in modern times; and to this the answer is 'No'.

But this is not to say that you cannot find native village councils in India. I once went with a district officer through his jungle villages, which were off the main track. In one of them we saw a headman being chosen. The villagers sat or stood in a group under a tree, we sat in the middle. Five candidates presented themselves and made their claims, and there were comments, not always polite, from the assembled crowd. The elders of the village then made their choice and there was no doubt that public opinion had influenced them.

To Banerjea and his fellow constitutionalists the existence of such councils gave further confidence that the seeds of self-government would draw nourishment from the Indian soil. All that was needed, they said, was time for nationalism to do its work, and this implied the continuing support of the British. Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy of India in 1914, tells us that he said to one of Banerjea's colleagues, 'How would you like it if I were to say that all British officials and British troops would leave India within a month?'

He got the reply: 'I would be very pleased to hear that news but before you'd reached Aden we'd be telegraphing to you to come back again'.

Yet, in spite of this pressure, the British hesitated. They could not see the way ahead (some might say, did not want to) and the chance of working with the constitutionalists in favourable conditions before the first world war was in this way let slip. The chance never returned, because extremist groups pushed them off the stage and into the wings. Underneath that thin crust of the middle class, Indian society had been stirring. And out of this older, deeper India a medley of reformist and extremist groups sprang up shouting to the British not to stay but to quit.

It was Mahatma Gandhi who mobilised and brought purpose and method into this agitation. A spare, thin little man, single-minded and apparently simple, who did much of his thinking not with his mind but with his heart—an essentially Indian figure, though enjoying the advantage of western education, who turned by the force of his example what had been a limited, middle-class constitutional movement into a mass revolutionary agitation. With ups and downs this went right on until the British left India in 1947.

Gandhi wanted many things: he wanted the British to go peacefully, he wanted Indian caste society to reform itself, and he thought that village life could be strengthened by creating just that little extra work—through handicrafts or spinning or weaving—that would make for the peasant the difference between mere subsistence and a reasonable standard of living. He totally rejected the need for an elaborate political government, and offered as his ideal a return to a society of village communities in traditional India. His methods of non-violent non-co-operation with the British were certainly adapted to India's custom and to the fact that he was struggling with a more or less civilised power.

The day I first sailed up the Ganges and set foot in India, the Prince of Wales was leaving by warship at the end of an official visit. Business in Calcutta that day was at a standstill. Not a taxi, not a tram, not a coolie was moving—not so that everyone could say farewell to the Prince, but rather so that they could proclaim their boycott. I have watched from a railway coach hundreds of Congressmen, followers of Gandhi, lie quietly down on the line at each end of the train, preventing it from moving. I have seen them in their hundreds go off to prison and in their thousands stand immobile before a charge of police.

Foremost among the followers of Gandhi was Jawaharlal Nehru, now the Indian Prime Minister. He went to prison nine times, and emerged from it with as involved a character as Shakespeare's Hamlet. His whole family, a rich Brahman upper-middle-class family, suffered with him. He himself had been educated in England. But most significant of all, although a passionate follower of Gandhi, Nehru did not accept all Gandhi's aims, and in his person he represented the fact that, despite the Gandhi movement, the leadership of the National Congress, the channel through which the movement flowed, had remained middle class, and in the main western educated. Nehru and this class—both Hindu and Muslim, though the latter were in a minority—anticipated that if the British did go, power would fall into their hands, and when it became clear in the nineteen-forties that the British were going, the Hindu and Muslim middle-class elements fell out in the struggle for power, in the process dividing the country, in 1947, into the two states of Pakistan and independent India.

'Tumbled into Responsibility'

In India, with which at the moment I am primarily concerned, the Congress leaders after thirty years of opposition, after trying for so long to bring government to a standstill, were fairly tumbled into power and responsibility. The psychology of opposition had to give way to the assumption of responsibility, and once again the question arose: 'What form of government ought India to adopt?' Without hesitation Nehru and his colleagues said it was to be liberal and democratic after the British fashion. But this led to another question—this time it was the Indians and not the British who had to answer it: 'Can the British form of government be made to fit Indian society?'

It is easy, I think, to fog this issue, and in two ways. First, by assuming that the practice of responsible government must everywhere be the same, with the same conventions as in Britain. This is not so in the older Commonwealth countries, still less in Europe. There is no reason why responsible government should not work in India—in fact, it is working.

Secondly, it is misleading to stress the so-called apathy of the Asian peoples, for example, in local government, where it is in effect being compared with some ideal dynamism which supposedly exists elsewhere. In fact, those of us who are concerned with local government in any country, even with a suburban ratepayers' association, know how very difficult it is to rouse interest in some of the things that have to be done at local-government level.

Clearly, an Indian system of government cannot be in the pure pedigree of English parliamentary life. It is bound to be a cross-bred.

The British, for instance, had consolidated the system of local rule through the district officer, and on this framework the election system was superimposed, so that an Indian villager might well feel that he had two masters, the district officer, with the force of tradition behind him, and the new M.P. Not long ago I was out on tour with a district officer. It was a period of food scarcity. Grain was difficult to get and hoarding had been forbidden. In one village we found a shed of hoarded grain, and the officer at once confiscated it and arrested the owner. When we got back to headquarters, the officer was summoned before the Home Minister because it appeared the local M.P. had been in to protest that the district officer had arrested one of the most influential party men in the area. This was the sort of problem that cropped up as the two systems, the new election and the old administration, came to terms.

Moving Emphasis under Nehru's Guidance

Another difference arises in the parliaments, because the dominating party, the Indian National Congress, grew up before the Indian parliaments. In England political parties evolved within and conformed to the needs of parliament, but in India Congress looms larger and is bound to condition the growth of parliament. Understandably, the eyes of the Congress ministers in the provinces turn for guidance to Congress headquarters, with its mass, country-wide support and fifty years' tradition behind it. The pattern therefore already differs from the British but the dominating influence of Nehru and three or four of his colleagues so far has held the Central Government, the provincial governments, and the Congress together, and under Nehru's guidance power and emphasis have slowly been moving from Congress into the cabinet and parliament.

But less than a decade of constitutional government is only a drop in the bucket of India's political tradition, and the weaknesses are only too clear. Just as Jawaharlal Nehru himself appears to bear an undue weight of responsibility, so the whole anglicised middle class carries too much of the burden of governing India. They understand the new structure, but they are comparatively few in number. The new rising lower classes—the technicians, the clerks, the teachers, the shop assistants, the factory foremen—and the much bigger class below them again—the peasants, the mill-hands, the coolies—are only just learning about the new system. They are as yet more concerned with bettering their conditions than with the liberal rights of man. They do not understand liberal democracy, except perhaps as a means by which the middle class appear to increase their incomes. There is the making here not of a political opposition but of a deep antagonism between the unsatisfied and the satisfied. The problem of stabilising responsible government in India therefore is primarily a problem of securing such an economic development that the ordinary man finds no reason to change the form of government.

Even this still leaves unsolved the problem of the older traditional society, the caste and communal groupings. The new conditions of life, travel in buses and trains, work in industry, the new education, are undermining caste, but the process will be a long one. Until caste goes, family favouritism, nepotism, and corruption will persist, and until one language is effective for the whole country, India will be divided by language. So though, in the short run, the problem of India's political survival is primarily economic, in the long run it is social.

These economic and social problems are much too vast to go into now, but at the least we can see that in the Five-year economic plan and in the new constitution they have been appreciated and the first dispositions made. But deeper down than all this there lies the question which I began with. Can a civilisation, an important part of whose tradition has stood for the unimportance of human life and the meaninglessness of time, really grapple with these problems, which demand an urgent and practical mastery of the forces of nature and society? The traditional Indian state stood divorced from society, irrelevant to it, but the modern Indian state stands firmly on the shoulders of the new middle class who created it and can hold it in check. Their outlook is akin to that of the modern west. To them this life and what man does with it is significant and important. Their historians read the same meanings into history as ours do. Their men of affairs have produced a village development scheme, the main assumption of which is that every man, however humble he is, counts. Government and society are now seen to be aspects of the same thing, the nation. Middle-class India has abandoned India's ancient political tradition and stands on the springboard of constitutional government. Can they persuade the rest of Indian society to follow suit? I do not know the answer to this momentous question. All I can say is that to someone who knows and loves India there are some small hopeful signs to be detected.

For one thing, Indians have always shown a flair for parliamentary procedure, and in the great general election of 1952, when more than 100,000,000 people voted, the electorate as well showed that they understood what a general election is for, and that the ability to read and write is not necessarily a qualification for knowing how to vote according to one's own interests. We watched them at local and general elections, and to me it is immensely impressive to see the sober and purposeful way in which they hold their meetings and queue up to record their votes.

But the weight of an ancient tradition is still a terribly heavy one. A few weeks ago, at a great riverside religious festival the Indian crowds, with the Prime Minister in their midst, suddenly panicked, trampling men, women, and children to their death in the mud. India's present history could easily become the stampede of a crowd.

India's task is difficult, but her success could be of far greater importance to Asia and the world than the communist experiment in China. For China has merely turned inwards and backwards to her old tradition, back not to a world of free men but to one of men in blinkers. But India has leapt clean out of her ancient political tradition, outwards and forwards to a sense of Asian consciousness in a free world. If India's experiment survives the testing time to come, it will mean a liberal awakening in Asia; it will set a term to colonialism everywhere by encouraging the colonial powers and the colonial people to move more quickly yet in a more orderly way through the difficult middle period of withdrawal. And at one stroke it will undermine racialism, for what coloured man will not carry his head higher for seeing a free India building the freedom of mankind?—*Home Service*

Mr. John Seymour's first book on eastern travel, *The Hard Way to India*, won praise for two reasons: because of its almost vagabondish approach, a comparative novelty; and because of its wealth of shrewd, human observation. It was evident that Mr. Seymour had a discerning, zestful and retentive eye. These good qualities reappear in *Round about India* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18s.). Once again, he reached India by unorthodox means: not from the arid Persian and Afghan west, by bumpy road, but from the south by sea, as one of the crew of a small Muslim sailing vessel from Ceylon which, to the bewilderment of local officialdom, disembarked him at the obscure port of Pamban on the Madras coast. This unconventionality is maintained throughout. From India's southernmost tip he went gently northwards, spending about a year on his travels, mostly in what used to be the Madras Presidency, but eventually—*via* Mahatma Gandhi's ashram near Wardha—reaching Delhi, the Indo-Gangetic plain, and the Himalayan foothills. Usually, and commendably, he lived with Indians, in the Indian way; but pages 108, 189, and 210 show the blurb to be wrong in contending that he did this always. There are well-observed accounts of many places and people and institutions; of village-uplift and slum-betterment schemes; of the nauseous and often dishonest horrors of begging; of the beauty of the classical Indian dance-styles; of strange, distinctive Christian and Jewish communities on the Malabar coast, or the controversies about prohibition, or the Hindi language, or between Brahmin and non-Brahmin; of the Communist Party's doings. Mr. Seymour is good about material things, such as latrines, or the workings of simple village implements and machinery. He likes farmers, sharply dislikes bureaucracy and New Delhi. Perhaps especially enjoyable are his descriptions of life with Jat villagers in East Punjab, near the journey's end.

Not everyone will relish his style. The reader finds himself apostrophised and button-holed. He gets a 'You see' here, a 'Mark you' or a 'You can't be too careful, can you?' there. 'Who am I', the author demands of him on page 114, 'to teach my grandmother to suck eggs?' Style however—and these extracts reflect but a minor aspect of Mr. Seymour's—is a matter of opinion. So, very naturally, are some of his lively verdicts on current political and social affairs. In general, they seem admirably well-grounded. But it may be doubted whether he is factually right in all: in his findings, for instance, on public sentiment about the partition-calamities in East Punjab, 'I never heard a Hindu try to put the blame on the Muslims', he says on page 198. Nevertheless, he shows unusual depth of understanding in his observations on Hindu culture generally, in his vivid descriptions of visits to temples or the significance of the joint family system, and in his emphasis (pages 39, 59) on Hinduism's singular and endearing tolerance, in normal circumstances, towards other Faiths, indeed embracingly towards all Faiths.

The photographs, though not distinguished, are interesting and apt. There is no index; the book is not of that sort. The text is tidy; there seem no major inconsistencies, though a few misprints can be noticed. Here is a pleasant, readable, generous volume, by a man of practical mind, gifted with true talent for sympathetic probing into alien or unfamiliar things; a volume, too, of more lasting and profounder value than a first skimming of its rather chatty and unpolished surface might suggest.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

Art and Industry

IN his foreword to the official history of the Royal Society of Arts, which has just been published and is reviewed in a broadcast by Professor Pevsner that we print on another page, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh rightly observes that 'its great achievements are far too little known'. It is indeed a remarkable story. The Society was founded by an obscure Northampton drawing master, William Shipley, and launched by a group of friends, who first met, like the founders of the earlier Royal Society, in a London coffee house. Having founded the Society exactly 200 years ago and served for three years as its first secretary the drawing master left London for Maidstone, where he married. He was a man of vision rather than an administrative genius. According to a local tradition, he was so absent-minded that while on his way to church to be married he caught sight of a rare butterfly, ran after it and consequently arrived late for the ceremony. But the Society Shipley started was graced by the presence of great eighteenth-century figures like Benjamin Franklin, David Garrick, Oliver Goldsmith, and Dr. Johnson, who confessed that when he 'rose in that Society to deliver a speech which he had prepared . . . all my flowers of oratory forsook me'.

The Society's sole object in its opening phase was to encourage arts and industries by the gift of prizes. These prizes were given not merely for achievement in what were called the Polite Arts, but also for agricultural and other inventions. For the early eighteenth century, like the late seventeenth, was an age of the inspired amateur. The offer of even modest prizes was enough to attract and encourage private enterprise. Through its efforts young artists were inspired—such as Lawrence and Cotman—feeding stuffs improved, humanitarian principles effectively applied, carpet-making assisted, and colonial industries stimulated. In one sense the Society was fortunate in the time of its foundation, for it was upon the eve of the Industrial Revolution. Thus it helped to bring out the inventiveness of Britons in a stirring age of expansion, rising population, and economic progress. But afterwards the Society entered for a time into the doldrums. The Prince Consort, however, who became its President (as the Duke of Edinburgh is today) in 1843, was not a man to let the grass die under his feet. Under his leadership the Society was energetically concerned in the promotion of the Great Exhibition and after that exhibition had revealed, as Professor Pevsner points out, the atrocious state of industrial art the Society was able to do much to promote art in industry.

It is clear from its history that the Royal Society of Arts may make the proud claim to be the forebear or at least the foster parent of many other societies which have now become indispensable public institutions. Of course in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries such patronage was the natural function of well-to-do, public-spirited amateurs. Nowadays heavy taxation and the call of the washing-up make it less easy for gifted men to find the opportunity to perform (other) unpaid duties. Nevertheless the Society's lovely building, its public lectures, and manifold other activities retain for it an honourable place in our community. What its future will be is hard to foresee. But that will no doubt ultimately depend upon those that are left who are still anxious to maintain the fine British tradition of disinterested public service.

From next week the price of THE LISTENER will be increased by one penny: the paper will cost fourpence instead of threepence. Yearly subscriptions will be £1 4s., but unexpired subscriptions will be honoured at the old rate.

What They Are Saying

The hydrogen bomb and the Geneva conference

THE UNEXPECTEDLY SEVERE REPERCUSSIONS of the thermonuclear explosion in the Pacific, which resulted in injury to Japanese fishermen outside the estimated danger area, were the subject of a number of commentaries. The *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying:

> The episode lends weight to the question whether the time has not come to revise our policies of atomic secrecy, perhaps even telling the world what are the true capabilities for destruction of this weapon and what we can, or cannot, expect to accomplish through the introduction of such implements into the conduct of international relations.

A 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna, deploring the suffering of the Japanese fishermen, stated:

> There is only one effective protection against atomic disease—a ban on all atomic weapons.

A broadcast from east Germany declared that Molotov and the Chinese representatives would go to the Geneva conference—

> to speak for the Asian people in favour of an Asia at peace . . . in which callous American airmen can never again murder decent Japanese fishermen with radio-active rays.

Apropos of the forthcoming Geneva conference, Moscow broadcasts devoted considerable attention to the war in Indo-China, repeating the thesis that whereas the French people insisted on an end of the war Washington was doing everything to extend it. *Pravda* was quoted:

> President Eisenhower [at his press conference] could not deny the virtual presence of U.S. servicemen . . . in the zone of military operations, that is to say their virtual participation in these military operations. Moreover, he did not deem it necessary to deny Senator Stennis' statement . . . that the death of U.S. servicemen on the battlefield in Indo-China may serve as a pretext for the U.S.A.'s official entry into the war against the peoples of Indo-China. . . . The ruling circles of the U.S.A. are looking for an excuse to legalise, through the medium of Congressional action or by any other means, a still more extensive and perhaps even direct U.S. intervention in the Indo-China war. . . . One thing is clear: the talk about the form in which the U.S.A. intends to organise a declaration of war on the peoples of Indo-China—through Congress or without it—is in flagrant discord with the agreed four-power decision on the holding of the Geneva conference.

Broadcasts from China maintained that, with the approach of the Geneva conference, the United States was working against time to coerce the French ruling circles into continuing the bloodshed in Indo-China, though, according to a quotation from the Pekin *World Culture*:

> Without doubt the Korean and Indo-Chinese questions can be peacefully settled at Geneva if enough importance is attached to the desires and wishes of the Korean and Indo-Chinese peoples.

The present large-scale communist attack in Indo-China was regarded by many western commentators as designed to bring the French to the Geneva conference as a defeated power, 'forced to negotiate by making substantial concessions'.

In France last week, most of the non-communist press welcomed the victory, in the recent by-election in a communist stronghold outside Paris, of a Christian Democrat. The Radical-Socialist *L'Aurore* was quoted as saying:

> For all its inadequate organisation, national unity became the obstacle in the road of the Cossack party.

From west Berlin, *Morgenpost* was quoted as saying:

> The Christian Democrat M.R.P. made the E.D.C., to which it gives its unqualified support, its election platform. Its success is at the same time a success for Europeans. This is a ray of light and should be an example.

On March 21 Moscow radio broadcast the text of a speech by Krushchev, First Party Secretary, criticising serious shortcomings in Soviet agriculture, which, he said, were mainly due to bad leadership. He described the First Deputy Minister of State Farms as 'a worthless organiser', the Minister of Agriculture as having become 'submerged in red tape', and named several other leading officials as also responsible for the shortcomings. This broadcast follows upon a recent Soviet decree which admitted the severity of the crisis in Soviet agriculture—the total area under grain having shrunk by 12,000,000 hectares since 1940, and grain yields having decreased even in the most fertile regions of the U.S.S.R. The decree frankly admitted that the present deplorable state of affairs was due to 'a wrong policy in planning agriculture'.

Did You Hear That?

UNMAPPED TERRITORY

W. H. MURRAY, the Scottish mountaineer, who was a member of the 1951 Everest expedition, recently came back from an exploration trek through the valley of the Seti river in the north-west corner of Nepal. This valley has never before been visited by Europeans. Mr. Murray, with his geographer-companion, Mr. J. B. Tyson, and twenty porters, first trekked up the Indian frontier of Nepal and then along Tibet frontier in the north. In 'The Eye-witness' he told the story of what happened as they were about to strike south over the main Himalayan Divide from a 20,000-foot pass:

'For thirty miles the Seti took ever-deepening plunges through dark gorges, then fanned mightily out to wooded valleys. Our first jungle village, at 9,000 feet, was Dhuli; at this outpost of civilisation no white man had ever before been seen. The women folk took one startled look at us, then dropped everything and bolted indoors. The men were more friendly. They were short men, clad in woollen home-spuns. As in body, so too in character, they are firm and upright. They use no money—all trade is by barter.

'We toiled south again, down the Seti, through hills forested in pine and walnut and rhododendron, then by paddy fields to Chainpur. Our porters had long spoken with awe of Chainpur, "the metropolis of West Nepal where everything that a white sahib can want will be found". We looked forward to the flesh-pots. Chainpur, alas, revealed itself a village of only modest size. The phrase "everything that a sahib could want" boiled down to some white sugar at six shillings a pound. Small boys abounded—they spoke English. Just one year earlier the first school had been opened here by His Highness, the Rajah of Pajang, with whom we now lunched. His other reforms included a first post office, a first dispensary, and the first troop of boy scouts.

'We turned west. Big rivers lacked bridges, and crossings were made on a grass rope, slung between high banks. The forfeit for a fall is life itself. But no male Nepali could ever lift up his head again if he were seen crossing in a sling. He goes over hand over fist, upside down, feet curled over the rope. The Nepalese have courage. We were using treks marked on no maps, thus we had no notion where we were from day to day, save that we had laboured through a wild tangle of ridges and were heading west, so must, some day, hit India, bearing that simple idea in mind: "No traveller is ever lost".

'At the very end of July we arrived at the great gulf of the Kali river, beyond which lay the command division of India. We crossed by the Jumagargh bridge, and thus ended our first reconnaissance of North-west Nepal and also our first reconnaissance of the great range of Api. We gathered much geographical information which will be of value on further expeditions. Tyson collected 1,000 alpine plants and all manner of insects for the British Museum. More important than these, we had the privilege of knowing a new people who command my deep respect and admiration'.

Monsoon clouds piling up over the gulf of the Kali river in north-west Nepal. Left: a youth of Dhuli, a village on the Seti river. W. H. Murray's party were the first white men to visit it

John Tyson

Ye Olde Trip to Jerusalem Inn, Nottingham

A FAMOUS OLD INN

'Ye Olde Trip to Jerusalem', the famous public house in Nottingham, was sold by auction last week. F. R. BUCKLEY spoke about it in a Midland Home Service talk. 'The Trip to Jerusalem', he observed, 'claims to be the oldest inn in England; it is built up against the Castle Rock at Nottingham, with four of its rooms hollowed out of the Castle Rock itself; pretty large rooms at that, in sandstone with fuller's earth oozing from its crevices, and two of them with shafts cut thirty feet upward through the rock into the castle precincts. These shafts illustrate very well the comprehensiveness of the inn's legend: it is alleged that through one of them the emissaries of Edward III crept in the year 1330 to seize Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, in the midst of his *amour* with Queen Isabella; whereas the other shaft is said to have sheltered, 500 years later, the murderer Charles Peace.

'But the legend it is heresy to doubt is, of course, that the Crusaders drank here on their trip to Jerusalem with Richard I in 1190; but about that this sceptic is inclined to be orthodox.

The Third Crusade certainly drew large numbers of pilgrims from the north—their enthusiasm in York, for instance, is only too lamentably remembered; their road to the point of embarkation—Dartmouth—would lie through Nottingham; and what more likely than that they would bivouac round their leader's stronghold and have their fervour fuelled from the Castle breweries?

'Whatever doubt may be thrown on the age of the "Trip" as an inn, none can exist as to the antiquity of its caves: they were habitations in the pre-Saxon era, when Nottingham was known as the Place of Caves; and their advantages for brewing—including proximity to the river Lean—were almost certainly seen and seized by the builders of the first castle. The advantages of equable temperature and unlimited cellarage kept the caves functioning as a brewery until 1936; and since the "Trip" still holds a brewing licence, and its tubs, coppers, vats, and so on are still *in situ*, it may claim to have functioned as a brewery for 900 years and to be the oldest not only in England but possibly in the world.

'For most of that time, of course, it purveyed ale to the castle only. It stood in Brewhouse Yard, which is still its postal address; there are those who assert it became an inn only after 1621, when James I, for reasons best known to himself, cut Brewhouse Yard off from dependence on the castle. Thereupon it became a separate constabulary and later a parish, containing no church but a profusion of "pubs" and—as a chronicler wrote in 1677—"of religious fanaticks and such as will not live conformably to the laws". Among the "pubs" were the "Gibraltar", the "Wheel", the "Bottle and Glass", the "Junk Ship", the "Gate Hangs Well" and—mentioned in a deed of 1760—one called the "Pilgrim"; which reappears in a document of 1799 in its famous form of the "Trip to Jerusalem".

'Above all this ungracious quibbling—and the undoubted fact that it was once used as a pest-house—the old "Trip" raises its quasi-Tudor façade triumphant. It may not brew its own beer now, but its beer is brewed for it to a special formula; the secret door mentioned in the sale catalogue may lead only to the licensee's quarters, but it is a secret door—I have gazed at it for hours in my time, thinking it no more than a cupboard; the dungeons may in fact be cellars, but there are sockets in the stone that would have been just right for fetters and neck-chains and, after all, before King John hanged his Welsh hostages from the castle walls he must have kept them somewhere'.

Kiplin Hall, in the Swale valley, Yorkshire

'Country Life'

THE COURTSHIP OF THE HAWFINCH

The courtship of the hawfinch, said GUY MOUNTFORT in 'Birds in Britain', 'begins in early March, just before the dispersal of the winter flocks. The first sign is an outbreak of squabbling among birds feeding on the ground, with many threatening gestures and frequent loud snapping of the tremendous bills. From the reactions to these harmless attacks, the males presently learn to distinguish females from other males. Males now single out only the females, which they approach with long, kangaroo-like hops. When opposite a female, a male draws himself up to his greatest height, fluffs out his neck feathers, and makes a deep bow, with his bill tucked beneath him, so as to display the beautiful grey hind collar. This charming gesture is one of appeasement—the hiding or deflecting of the offensive weapon, the murderous bill.

'Next the male stretches upright again, fluffs out his neck, hangs his wing-tips loosely and waddles forward, with tiny, mincing steps, switching and swaying his body from side to side to display the white shoulder patches. I call this the "penguin walk"—perhaps the "drunken sailor" walk would be equally appropriate. Finally, when within inches of the coyly watching female, he suddenly arches his wings stiffly half open and drags the tips in a semi-circle on the ground, like a displaying turkey cock. This flashes into view the full splendour of white spots on the jet black wings and the brilliant purple of the curiously shaped inner primaries. The transformation is intensely dramatic and colourful. The two birds may then stretch out their necks towards each other and momentarily touch the tips of their bills together, in the so-called "kissing" ceremony, which is, I think, a ritualised form of courtship feeding.

'There ensues a long walking and hopping chase and finally a wild flying chase. So fast and so abandoned are these courtship flights that one or even both birds sometimes kill themselves by hitting telegraph wires or tennis netting or greenhouse windows'.

A DOOMED HOUSE?

'Kiplin Hall, which has been lived in continuously for over three centuries', said BRIDGET TALBOT in 'The Northcountryman', 'is typical of Britain's decaying historic houses. It stands on the borders of Yorkshire and County Durham. The main building, with its soft red-brick walls and its towers and gables, is Jacobean and dates from about 1620. It was designed, they say, by Inigo Jones, but the main centre wall belongs to an earlier date.

'Kiplin was the home of the Calverts—a family who owned much land in the North Riding. George Calvert, who built the house, was one of the most famous councillors of James I, and was given the title of Lord Baltimore for his services.

'But though these Calverts lived on mostly in America, they did not give up Kiplin. It remained in the family until the beginning of the eighteenth century when the fourth Lady Baltimore, who was a granddaughter of Charles II, came back and married Christopher Crowe, who had been a British vice-consul in Italy. He bought Kiplin from the fifth Lord Baltimore, and so the house passed into the hands of the Crowe family. It is to Christopher Crowe that we owe the beautiful collection of Italian pictures—including four Canalettos. Other owners gathered together priceless pictures and furniture. The last Miss Crowe married Lord Tyrconnel, and left Kiplin to her husband's cousin, Admiral Talbot Carpenter, whose kinsfolk still own it.

'In recent years it has served many purposes. At one time it was a conference hall; during the war it was occupied by the Army and the R.A.F. But war conditions and post-war difficulties have taken heavy toll—dry rot, blocked gutters, loose tiles. It is the story of so many of our old houses today, and the superhuman struggle to keep them even habitable.

'Apart from its historic interest, thanks to Kiplin over the period of post-war housing shortage thirty families have found a roof over their heads at low rents without any government subsidy. Kiplin's own private water has supplied the village of Langton nearby, and every summer the unique collection of pictures and furniture is open to the public and many visitors come from the industrial towns. During the last few years, too, the waterlogged land round Kiplin has been drained and tilled. The farm has helped the country's food supply by producing thousands of eggs, thousands of gallons of T.T. milk, and thousands of bushels of corn. And so, you see, Kiplin, which has helped to make English history, has adapted itself to play a new part in a new and modern age. It would be a tragedy indeed if it were not to be allowed to play that part to the full'.

Looking On at War

By CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH

NEXT Sunday it will be 100 years since the outbreak of the Crimean War. Historically the Crimean War was a very important and interesting war. And it was also something else: it was a very odd war. Extraordinary occurrences took place, more extraordinary occurrences than in any other campaign I can think of, and perhaps the oddest of all was the presence of a large number of tourists. People went out to see the war in the Crimea as if they were going to see the Olympic games, say in Italy, today.

The army had a name for these tourists. They were called T.G.s, 'travelling gentlemen'. The T.G.s called themselves 'amateurs'. In letters written home it is clear that T.G.s were an accepted part of army life. They come to call in the front line with presents of stores, tinned soup, Christmas puddings, ham, and brandy, they lend thick coats with which the army was very badly provided, they wander about where they will, get up into the trenches and into the batteries, visit the hospitals, inspect the unloading of equipment, and no one makes the slightest objection. Once they were home again they rushed into print. They wrote books with titles like *A Month in the Crimea, Wanderings round Sebastopol, Our Tent in the Crimea.*

The author of *Our Tent in the Crimea* describes how he and his brother arrived at Balaclava. The ship entered the harbour, they dressed 'as quickly as boys on the first day of the holidays', and hurried on shore. No one asked them what they were doing, and after staring round they began to explore. They passed 'through camp after camp, through line after line of tents', and decided to pitch their tent with the 18th Regiment of Foot. They went up to an officer: 'We wish to pitch our tent in your camp, the 18th'. The officer was most polite. 'Very well', he answered, 'I'll see to getting you some ground'. This was no quiet position behind the lines. The Russians were keeping up a bombardment and a shell had just taken off a man's leg precisely where their tent was to be pitched. 'But you won't mind that', said the officer courteously. Indeed, politeness in unexpected circumstances was a Crimean characteristic. A curious incident took place at the battle of Inkerman. This was a confused battle fought by lonely groups of men cut off by swirling fog. A British officer in command of a detachment saw his men were about to be overwhelmed and, catching sight of a group of British soldiers, rushed up to their officer asking for help. 'Excuse me', he said, 'but we are in the dickens of a mess. Can you come over and help us? I was introduced to you last summer at Lady Palmerston's'.

William Howard Russell, war correspondent of *The Times* in the Crimea, and 'the first war correspondent in history': a photograph by Roger Fenton

Lord Cardigan, of Light Brigade fame, had a friend, Mr. Hubert de Burgh, who brought out Lord Cardigan's yacht, the elegant and luxurious *Dryad*. It was part of the extraordinary casualness and informality of the campaign that after the yacht arrived Lord Cardigan was given permission to dine and sleep on his yacht every night. He was in command of the Light Cavalry Brigade and yet at one time dined and slept every night seven miles away from his command. Mr. de Burgh held no official position but no one objected to his going about everywhere with Lord Cardigan. Mr. de Burgh rode with Lord Cardigan on inspections wearing 'a flat brimmed bell topper, frock coat and overalls strapped over patent leather boots'. While the bombardment of Sebastopol was in progress Mr. de Burgh and Lord Cardigan rode up to the battery of siege guns and strolled in to see what was happening. Several other people dropped in out of curiosity to see the big guns in action. Among them was Mr. William Howard Russell, the war correspondent of *The Times* and the first war correspondent in history.

William Howard Russell was extremely unpopular with the military authorities. When he arrived, he had been greeted by General Pennefather with the words, 'I'd as soon see you as the devil', but no one attempted to get him sent home or to prevent him rambling about wherever he chose. While the party was strolling in the battery and examining the great guns they were joined by an officer of Engineers. He saw nothing strange in their presence during a bombardment of enormous importance, and, indeed, explained the firing plan to them. 'Ah', said Lord Cardigan, 'I see. Those fellows below are our men and they are firing at the Russians. Those fellows who are firing towards us are the Russians. Why don't we drive them away?' To this simple question, however, the officer of Engineers made no reply.

Heroes of Balaclava showing their womenfolk the scene of their battles: a print of 1855

Illustrations: 'Picture Post' Library

A number of

women marched with the army. These were not soldiers' wives, who traditionally followed the army and many of whom were on the strength, but wives of officers. These ladies were inspired partly by affection for their husbands but also by the desire for excitement and adventure. Lady Errol, wife of Lord Errol, a captain in the 60th Rifles, embarked on the transport with her husband. She wore a costume which was much admired. It was a long, flowing riding habit with a swallow-tail coatee, adorned with rows of large, handsome and shining buttons, and a large, plumed hat. She brought her French maid with her. When the army landed in the Crimea and began the march to the Alma she rode with the troops. The day was overpoweringly hot, water was short, and dysentery was rife. Soon her horse was festooned with the rifles of men who were overcome with heat and thirst and could no longer carry them, while others dragged themselves along with a hand on her horse. During the campaign she shared a tent with her husband but, possibly because officially she was not recognised as being present, there was only one bed. Years later one of her grandchildren asked her if the bed had been comfortable. 'I don't know, my dear', she said. 'His lordship had the bed and I slept on the ground'. Lady Errol was a woman of very great courage. After the Alma there was some hesitation about carrying a flag of truce across to the Russian lines. In those days after an action it was customary to come forward with a flag of truce so that the dead might be buried. On this occasion there was some hesitation because it was felt that the Russians were not to be trusted, I think quite unjustly. It was Lady Errol in her bunched, trailing riding habit and her plumed hat who walked across the battlefield carrying the flag of truce.

Philanthropists and Missionaries

Besides people who came out for adventure there were others who were inspired by philanthropy or piety. No passports or permits were needed. Philanthropists, clergymen, doctors simply booked passages to the east and arrived to see what they could do to help. Doctor and Lady Alicia Blackwood, who ultimately worked with Florence Nightingale, came out without any plans, just to see if they could make themselves useful; so did the Honourable and Reverend Sidney Godolphin Osborne, who became what Miss Nightingale called her chief of staff. Some clergymen of strong Protestant leanings came out to see that the troops were not unduly influenced by Roman Catholics and Roman Catholic clergy came out to see the troops were not unduly influenced by Protestants.

All this may seem to us to be very strange behaviour, but it was by no means confined to the British. The Russians were equally odd. The celebrated military historian, Sir John Fortescue, speaks of what he calls the 'general insanity of the Crimea', and I think the phrase is just. Before the battle of the Alma the Russian Commander-in-Chief arranged a picnic party to view the action. The Alma is a position of extraordinary strength. Nature has reproduced on a gigantic scale the defences laid down in text books of military engineering. The river Alma has cut into hills, so that they rise in steep terraces, each approached by a precipitous, slippery slope exactly like what military engineers call a glacis. The river Alma itself is a difficult river, swift and uneven in depth, and below the terraces it has cut into the side of the hill to form a perpendicular wall.

Such are the heights of the Alma. On the top of them the Russian army stood, and they thought their position was impregnable. They did not believe that men could be found to cross that river, and storm those heights. They would be swept by artillery fire from the moment they began to advance. If an attack were attempted certain destruction would be the result. So Prince Menschikoff, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, had invited thirty young ladies to come from Sebastopol and watch the destruction of the British army while eating a picnic luncheon. They were to be above on the heights, as if they were in a box at the theatre, watching the battle below. It was a beautiful day and they came out in open carriages, with hampers and bottles of champagne, wearing light summer dresses and carrying parasols. Afterwards a Russian officer described how much the girls admired the appearance of the British Army as it marched across the plain below. The Russian Army wore grey uniforms but the British infantry wore red: the masses of scarlet made brilliant patches of colour while the white cross belts not only added to the effect but made the British soldier look taller and more formidable than his antagonist. So with cries of admiration the Russian girls watched the British army advance across the plain.

What followed was one of the great feats of British arms. The British troops did in fact accomplish the impossible and storm the heights of Alma, and the picnic party fled, leaving their champagne bottles, their hampers, and even their parasols behind them.

Perhaps the most celebrated young woman who looked on at the Crimean war was Mrs. Duberly, wife of Captain Duberly of the 8th Hussars. Mrs. Duberly left a journal behind her from which her character emerges. It is really impossible not to like her. She was gay, good tempered and good natured, vivacious, a superb horsewoman, she loved what she calls a lark. The adjective by which her contemporaries describe her is 'dashing'—the dashing Mrs. Duberly. She had no permission to accompany her husband but she managed to get herself, and her favourite horse as well, on board a transport. She was a centre of joking and larking. Her presence could not be concealed, and when the time came to embark for action in the Crimea, Lord Lucan, the General in command of the cavalry division, ordered that she was not to go any further. However she had made friends with Lord Cardigan, and with his help she managed to travel on, still in an army troopship. Lord Cardigan was brigadier under Lord Lucan but he took no notice of his superior officer's orders. Mrs. Duberly disguised herself as a Turkish woman and, with her face swathed up in a yashmak, was smuggled on board. Lord Lucan was prowling up and down the quay-side looking out for her but failed to see through her disguise. This was the best lark of all. She writes gleefully that Lord Lucan was taken in because he was looking for an English lady.

Mrs. Duberly provoked a great deal of gossip, and very unkind things were said about her. I do not think it is difficult to understand why. But I had conceived an affection for her, and I was glad to read in some manuscript letters written by Lieut. Seager of the 8th Hussars —later Lieut.-General Edward Seager, C.B.—that in his opinion she was misunderstood. She was really very kind, he wrote, but people thought the worst because she had a free manner. She certainly was kind. When she reached Balaclava she lived on a government ship in the harbour, coming ashore every day to see her husband and riding with him on patrols. Letters written home often mention gifts of warm clothing and food given by Mrs. Duberly. She looked on at the battle of Balaclava and was an eye-witness of the Charge of the Light Brigade. When the battle began early on the morning of October 25, 1854, her husband was on duty with Lord Raglan at headquarters on the heights. She was on board ship in the harbour. He sent her this message, which must surely be unique in the history of war: 'The battle of Balaclava has begun and promises to be a hot one. I send you the horse. Lose no time, but come up as quickly as you can. Do not wait for breakfast'. Mrs. Duberly did not wait for breakfast, and, as I said, was an eye-witness of the battle of Balaclava.

The Beautiful Lady George Paget

There was, however, a lady who managed to get quite as much amusement and excitement out of the Crimea as Mrs. Duberly. But no criticism has been heard of her; she was regarded with nothing but romantic admiration and respect. This was the young, aristocratic and exquisitely beautiful blonde bride of Lord George Paget. They had been married only a few months before Lord George sailed to war. He was passionately in love and endured agonies at the parting. Lord George was present at the Alma, rode in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava and survived unhurt, took part in the battle of Inkerman, then, when winter set in, he seems to have thought he had done enough. He resigned and went home to his wife. There was no question that Lord George was a man of courage, but people at home were furious, newspapers attacked him, he was cut in his clubs, and after a month or two he rejoined his regiment in the Crimea. This time Lady George followed her husband.

The Pagets were very grand people indeed, and Lady George was an old favourite of Lord Raglan's. She was given quarters on the *Leander* in Balaclava Harbour. Lord Raglan sent his carriage down almost daily to bring her up to lunch at headquarters, and she rode with him on his rounds and to see the batteries fire. The army adored her. The French described her as exquisite, delicious, 'this ravishing, blonde, British horsewoman', the English called her beauteous, gentle, and perfectly well bred.

Here is an account of a typical expedition. On June 6, 1855, Lord Raglan sent his carriage down to the *Leander* to fetch Lady George. There was lunch at headquarters, then the party mounted and rode over the downs to see the batteries open fire on the two great defences of Sebastopol, the Mamelon and the Redan. 'We seated ourselves on the rocks', wrote Lord George, 'and sat gazing until six when we sauntered back to dinner at headquarters'. A dinner party followed,

and it was not until one in the morning that Lord Raglan's carriage took Lady George back to Balaclava. Throughout these festivities attacks and counter-attacks were taking place in the trenches outside Sebastopol only a few miles away, rifle pits were being captured and recaptured, sappers were mining for the great assault which was to take place at the end of the next week, on June 18, and the rumble of guns was constantly to be heard, while sudden flashes lit up the surrounding hills.

And yet it would be wrong too hastily to condemn the lookers on at war, astonishing as such behaviour seems to us today. Our attitude to war has completely changed, as war itself has completely changed. War is no longer a professional matter, civilians participate almost as much as soldiers. I am told by military authorities that civilian morale is as important today as the morale of an army, and generals examine the civilian population as carefully as their troops. War is no longer a spectacle but a terrible, a dreaded, and a universal calamity. When we think of what is involved in the embarkation of a modern expeditionary force, the security measures and the secrecy, when we think of the enormous, the terrifying size of a modern battle and the frightful devastation which follows, it seems almost incredible that it is not yet quite 100 years ago that Lady Errol embarked with her French maid, that Mrs. Duberly was smuggled on board a transport as a joke, and that thirty Russian young ladies came out to see the British army destroyed, as if they had come to watch a football match.

—Home Service

I Remember . . .

Famous Americans and a Governor of Papua

By GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

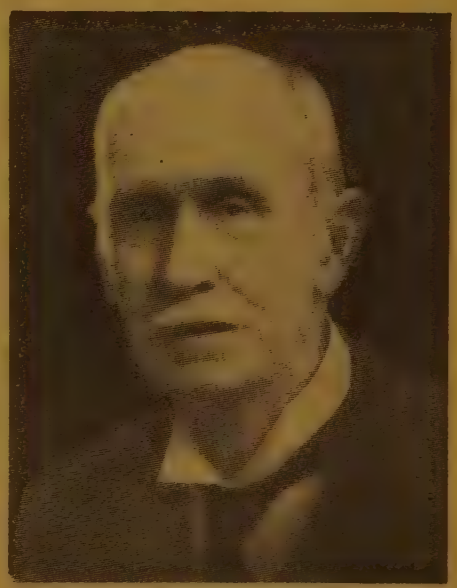
A FOURTH period in my life was made by my first visits to America, when I lectured regularly at Harvard and a little elsewhere. I came across many remarkable people who seem now to belong to a historical past: Wilson, the famous President; Gildersleeve and Goodwin, the great Greek scholars; Edison, the inventor, a real genius who, when deep in some research, would not trouble to go to bed, but just fall asleep in his laboratory so as to be ready to go on with his work the moment he woke. He told me how he and a certain botanist and Henry Ford used at one time to go for a summer holiday in the forest. They were good campers, because the botanist knew everything about trees and plants, and he knew all the practical problems of physics and engineering. 'And what did Ford know?' I asked. A pause and an affectionate smile; then 'Henry knew nothing'. Most people thought Henry knew quite a lot; he had, however, some engaging weaknesses. A friend of mine once expressed surprise that Ford stored his corn in an old-fashioned type of bin which any enterprising mouse could get into. Ford said he liked the mice to have a share. 'Then', said the other man, 'why not put their share on the ground for them?' 'They wouldn't enjoy it', said Ford with a twinkle, 'unless they stole it'.

But the man I like to think of most is Roosevelt; not the mere second one, F. D. Roosevelt of the second world war, but the real original Theodore or Teddy Roosevelt, from whom the teddy bears got their name. A poem, describing the President's day, began by telling how Teddy regularly shot a bear before breakfast, and later on 'A coloured man dropped in to tea'. He had indeed ventured to defy public opinion by inviting the distinguished Negro, Booker Washington. He was always ready to defy prejudices or conventions. Above all he fought corruption and the spoils system and what he called 'the criminal rich'. A certain Irishman kept a fashionable gambling hell in New York, and Roosevelt, being then District Attorney, determined to deal with it. He arranged to make a police raid. He made the raid and found no trace of gambling; only a perfectly blameless and well-conducted club. Evidently someone in the police had given warning. Roosevelt tried again. He told only the highest officers in the police force and made a surprise raid. Not a sign of anything illegal: he had been betrayed again. He professed to have given up the campaign, said nothing to the police, but in secret collected some of his Harvard friends, made them special constables, raided the place and found evidence to convict many fashionable New Yorkers and to put an end to the gambling house.

I lunched with him in Long Island and heard a magnificent denunciation of Wilson, the Democratic President, and all his Cabinet, one by one, till he came to Bryan, the celebrated demagogue who invented the phrase about 'crucifying humanity on a cross of gold'. He ran through a list of Bryan's qualities, ending with: 'And a brain, sir, of three guinea-pig power; and when I say three guinea-pigs, I exaggerate'. Roosevelt was widely read, very widely travelled. He had even conducted an exploring expedition of 900 miles to trace the course of an unknown river in Brazil. To my great surprise I found he had read my book on Homer and been convinced by it. He was also rather pleased with me because once, when on my way to London to lunch with him, I came in for a rather serious railway accident, with some loss of life, but all the same took the next train I could get and arrived for lunch some twenty minutes late. He would have gone untroubled through many railway accidents.

He tried hard to make the Republican Party more progressive than it wished to be, a notoriously difficult undertaking, as other Presidents have found since. One day in 1912, when he was addressing

Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States 1901-1909



Sir Hubert Murray, Governor of Papua 1906-1940
From 'Sir Hubert Murray of Papua' by Lewis Lett (Collins)

a large meeting, someone of more conservative views drew a revolver and shot him through the body. He fell, but picked himself up and insisted on making his speech. His friends called for an ambulance and told him he must lie down. 'Nonsense', he said, 'I am as strong as a bull moose', and managed to finish his speech. His followers were called the Bull Moose Party. He was not the sort of man whom you would think of as a candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize; but he happened, quite suitably, to get it, since he presided over the peace treaty between Spain and Cuba. I turn from him to a ruler even more absolute, but of a very much smaller dominion.

'Safer than Piccadilly'

The colony of Papua, or Western New Guinea, is not directly under the British Crown; it is under the Federal Government of Australia, and at one time—I forget the date—some of the planters in Papua were so disgusted at the constant consideration for the natives shown by the Governor, and the impossibility of getting any redress from the Australian Government, that they appealed to Queen Victoria to remove the Governor, on the ground that 'his milk-and-water methods had resulted in making Papua a place where no white man's life was safe from day to day'. His answer was to point out that the number of white men killed in Papua during the last ten years amounted to one. It was indeed a place rather safer for white men than Piccadilly or Oxford Street.

The Governor in question was my big brother, Sir Hubert Murray, and I do not see why I should not mention him among the old friends who have taught me something. He started with some advantages. He had a first in classical Mods and Greats at Oxford: he was tall and strong, and in boxing was at one time the amateur champion of England. But he was shy and did not suffer fools gladly. Indeed he was not a great success at the Bar because—so I am told—no one could teach him to be properly deferential to juries. Suddenly, in middle life, having already a wife and three children, and having commanded an Australian corps in the South African War, he abandoned civilisation and accepted the governorship of the remote and primitive territory of Papua. The natives are just a little superior to the Australian aborigines. They have gardens and live in little independent villages. However, they belong to the Stone Age, and they used to practise a certain amount of head-hunting. Young men who wished to be married sometimes had to prove their fitness for family life by showing that they could kill an enemy.

I cannot give any systematic account of my brother's methods, but will take some typical points. Village feuds were common, and occasionally produced a fair crop of killings. What was to be done? The easiest thing was to let these silly blacks kill each other and say it was no business of ours. The next easiest was to send some soldiers and burn the village to which the murderer belonged. My brother took a more difficult line. He went to the offending village and said he wanted the guilty man or men, and no one else. The guilty man had always fled to another village further away from civilisation. My brother followed him, and if he went to some further place, followed him there, too. He was apt to be received with showers of arrows. Thereupon he sat down by the road and smoked, while meantime he put out presents, glass and tools and turkey red, to tempt the enemy to friendliness. They stopped shooting and presently one or two of the boldest would run out and seize a present and rush home again.

After that the quest was fairly smooth and after perhaps several months he got his murderer. What did he then do? Have him executed? No. The offender was not really what we call a murderer: he was only a spirited young man who had done one of the daring things which spirited young men of the best families were supposed to do. It was explained to him that the Government did not allow murders. In pidgin English 'You kill that boy. Government he mad'. Mad only means angry. The next thing to do was to teach the offender in general how he ought to behave so as not to make the Government mad again. The man was made to walk round the island with the governor as he went on tour administering justice. In time, in the course of these enormous walks, he learnt his lesson: then, if intelligent, he was sent back to his village as a village constable. Imagine the horror of the unimaginative critic! Murderers as village constables! However, the method proved a great success. No constable ever killed any more victims, and on the rare occasions when a constable did do something which his conscience felt to be doubtful, it was observed that he always took off his uniform first. They were sometimes over-conscientious. A constable once reported that a certain missionary had caused alarm and despondency by saying that if people did not go to church, the Government was going to put them into a great big fire: ought he not to be arrested for spreading false reports?

Hubert was anxious that his people should look to him for advice in any difficulties. There must be many puzzles for a Stone Age people trying to adjust themselves to modern life. But of course he was big and grand, and they were afraid to come to him. So he made it his custom to go to sleep after lunch in the veranda, generally in his shirt sleeves. People warned him that it was dangerous, since some Papuans take a certain pride in killing, but he thought it worth while taking some risk. And so it was. When he woke up he would find a little row of Papuans squatting on the veranda floor, to ask for his counsel.

'Take a certain pride in killing'; yes, and sometimes a prisoner could not understand that he ought to defend himself. The judge had sometimes to act also as counsel for the defence. Hubert told me of a case in the deep interior where the prisoner was a fine young man, whose language could only be reached by two or three successive interpreters. He had no idea of defending himself. 'I don't think you killed that boy', said the judge in English or in Motuan. And interpretation followed, then another interpretation, till at last it reached the prisoner. 'Not kill that boy? Of course I kill that boy!' he exclaims with a triumphant smile. The judge tries another tack; 'I think that boy did something very bad to you to make you kill him?' 'Ah, not half as bad as I do to him'. However, in the end patience was rewarded. The killing proved to be just an incident in a feud and an honest fight.

I do not suppose my brother ever said a word about Human Rights or the Equality of Mankind or any other of the half-true, half-false abstract principles with which our present colonial governors are so familiar. He just loved his flock and was amused by their ways, and had, I think, a really religious feeling of his duty to guide and befriend them. When he died, some 4,000 natives gathered to Port Moresby from great distances, to keep a thirty days' fast and mourning for him. An old Papuan spoke: 'We think of him and weep. His way towards us was the way of a strong friend. His ways were not our ways, but he understood us and loved us all. We too loved him greatly. Who is like him in all Papua? There is not one'.

No such ceremony had ever been held in Papua before, and I have heard since—though not at first hand—of a story which deepens the effect of these words. In the recent war with the Japanese, a young Australian was lying wounded in a dangerously exposed place. Some Papuans were asked to go and carry him in, but they hesitated, and it was not thought fair to order them. Then it came out accidentally that the wounded man was Murray, and immediately the Papuans volunteered. An example like that is one I should like to be able to follow.

—Home Service

Duologue

What bird is that among the branches bare?
It is no bird but a rag blown idly there.
I am afraid because no one is here.
But I am with you, dear.

I am impelled to speak my secret thought:
At first I did not love you as I ought.
I know, and must confess I was the same,
And played a deceitful game.

Oh but you surely love me now, as I
For his sake found that possibility.
Observe the far-off currents of the lake
Uncoiling like a snake.

You do not answer, and your eyes explore
The stony litter of this lonely shore.
Look at the dying sun, an open graze,
Upon the winter haze.

I swear he loves me now far less than you.
To his own flesh, my dear, he must be true.
For him you bear the image of the thing
That I can never bring.

Stepmother, I have watched you bend aside
Oh and I see what still you try to hide.
Descend, my patient shadow, from your tree.
No longer feed on me.

ROY FULLER

The Royal Society of Arts After 200 Years

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

ON March 22, 1754, a small group of noblemen and gentlemen met at a coffee house off Covent Garden. Viscount Folkestone and Lord Romney were amongst them; and Stephen Hales, the plant physiologist and inventor of artificial ventilation; and a Mr. Shipley, a drawing master from Northampton. The idea behind this meeting was his, the idea of forming a Society 'for the encouragement of arts, manufactures and commerce'. The Society was duly founded. Five years later the membership had passed the 1,200 mark—with a subscription of two guineas, and five guineas for peers (that is, in today's money, something like twenty and fifty). In 1760 a member could say: 'We are now the greatest assembly of men that in any country ever sat in a disinterested manner to the good of its people'. Three years later a copy of the Society was formed at Hamburg, another three years later at St. Petersburg.

Prizes for Skill and Inventiveness

What was the secret of this spectacular success? What did the encouragement of arts, manufactures and commerce involve? How could it be served disinterestedly? The answer was simple for Shipley; it would not be now. It was then the giving of prizes to reward skill and inventiveness. This was a period happily ignorant of our sub-division of labour. A squire might have a laboratory in an outbuilding, a clergyman might invent a machine. Promise them rewards, and they will come forth—with the result that their inventions will become common property. Nothing that was patented qualified for the Society's awards. Moreover, the industrial revolution, though it was imminent, had not yet, shall I say, broken out. To quote from a poem written by the Society's trusty porter, and later the Society's registrar, in 1766, industry still worked largely

> By windy pow'r or wat'ry force,
> Or by a circumambulating horse.

Progress for, as it was formulated in the Charter of 1847, 'the riches and honour of the Kingdom', was still more in terms of agricultural than of industrial improvement. And agriculture was indeed the most important field of the young society. Encouragement in the cultivation of new crops for winter fodder as well as for human consumption, potatoes, swedes, kale, kohlrabi; encouragement of better tools (the scythe instead of the sickle); encouragement of land reclamation; and finally encouragement of afforestation. The results here were prodigious. In 1793 awards were made for the planting of 491,000 trees, but the total of new trees in that year of which the Society was informed was over 800,000. In 1806 the successful candidates alone had planted 1,269,000 trees. Colonel Thomas Johnes of Hafod in Wales, who received six gold medals from the Society, is said to have planted 4,000,000 trees.

Such activities would indeed recommend themselves to a society of public-spirited gentlemen ready to spend two guineas a year for the benefit of their country. Yet it does remain surprising how many people were ready. Dr. Johnson was a member, and Hogarth and Reynolds, and Robert Adam and Sir William Chambers the architects, and Gibbon, and John Howard the prison reformer, and Joseph Banks the botanist, and Benjamin Franklin, and Baskerville and Caslon the printers, and Garrick and Goldsmith, and so on. There were, incidentally, also prizes for children for draughtsmanship. Flaxman got one when he was eleven, and later Landseer and Millais when they were ten. Prizes were also at first offered for designs for textiles, wallpapers, and so on, because 'Fancy, Design and Taste are absolutely necessary to all persons concerned in Building, Furniture, Dress, Toys, or any other Matters where Elegance and Ornament are required'. But there was little response to those, and by 1778 they had all but dropped out.

So much for the palmy days immediately after the foundation. The membership figures of about 1775 were not reached again until eighty years later, about 1855, and that date takes us into a completely different world. The industrial revolution had done the riches of the kingdom more good than the riches of the Society. The principle of the Society, as I told you, was that industry and commerce were to be awarded prizes only where inventions were to be accessible to all. But when large factories sprang up all over wide parts of the country and inventions clearly meant bigger money if they were patented, self-interest almost every time eclipsed any interest in a medal or an honourable mention in a volume of transactions. So the Society receded into the background. In 1763 its income had been £4,600, in 1836 it was down to £1,235, and there was a debt as well. The general feeling must have been that the Society had had its day and was superfluous now, and all that was still to be expected was an honourable funeral.

However, Prince Albert did not think so. He was made President in 1843, and when Prince Albert began to take an interest in something, he was not the man to allow it to vegetate. He analysed the case, he prescribed remedies, and he saw to it that they were taken. I am probably exaggerating his personal role: inside the Society, at the same time, men also appeared who were of equal clear-sightedness and tenacity, first and foremost amongst them Henry Cole, that remarkable Victorian who, before concentrating on the Society, had fought for penny postage and the broad railway gauge, had issued the first Christmas card ever printed, and charts for railway passengers to tell them of the sights which their train was passing. The diagnosis of Cole and Prince Albert was that the Society had been founded for the purpose of a liaison of art with industry and commerce, or, to use Prince Albert's words, that 'to wed mechanical skill with high art is . . . directly in the path of its duty'.

The outcome of all that was the Great Exhibition of 1851, the first international exhibition of industry and applied art ever held in any country. It is the most famous of the innumerable children of the Society of Arts. It was a huge success in its displays of machinery and manufactures, but it revealed an atrocious state of industrial art, and Cole and his friends, chiefly Richard Redgrave and Matthew Digby Wyatt, admitted that openly and criticised it savagely.

But, however disappointing that one aspect of the Great Exhibition was, its general success is reflected in the membership graph of the Society after 1851, which shot up steeply and steadily until about 1865 it had passed 3,000. Now it is just under 6,000. That is a fine record, and yet, in some ways, the position of the Society today seems to me once again almost as precarious as before 1851—not for financial but for functional reasons. In the wake of the 1851 Exhibition the Society had promoted very many useful objects, far more than I can mention here—the first exhibition of photography ever held, an extensive system of commercial examinations (which is still going strong), early demonstrations of electric lighting and the gramophone (both as early as 1878), drill in schools, and the foundation of the Royal College of Music.

Success Handed On

There is, however, in nearly all these enterprises, an ever-recurring, half-gratifying, half-sad story. Time and again the Society promoted something and when it was successful it was handed on to someone else. This is, of course, connected with the alarming development of specialisation in the nineteenth century. The Society had on their premises the first exhibition of painting ever undertaken in Britain, and then the Royal Academy was founded and took that over. Much later the Society established a special section for applied chemistry, until the Institute of Chemistry appeared. Again, our Society of Arts built the first two public lavatories in London, lost heavily on them (the one for gentlemen was used by only fifty-eight people in one month), but then the L.C.C. saw the point and adopted the idea. The Society started examinations in trades and the City and Guilds Institute carried them on. The Society held exhibitions of inventions. Now you go to the Patent Office to look up inventions. And so on and so forth. Every time, the self-chosen function of the Society—the Royal Society of Arts as it was called in 1908—became the function of other more specialised bodies, often government-run or government-sponsored. You find the story told in detail, both instructively and entertainingly, in Derek Hudson and Kenneth Luckhurst's new history of the Royal Society of Arts.*

(*continued on page* 533)

* *The Royal Society of Arts 1754-1954.* John Murray. 30s.

Methods of Forecasting the Weather

By O. G. SUTTON, Director of the Meteorological Office

IN 1922 a very unusual book appeared, the work of the Quaker mathematician, Lewis Fry Richardson, who died last autumn. The book was remarkable in more ways than one. It contained, as an appendix, a list of about ninety different symbols which used up not only the whole of the Roman and Greek alphabets but also Coptic letters and some strange hieroglyphics which the author himself had invented. These letters and symbols were needed to denote the many different mathematical quantities used throughout the work. The book was called *Weather Forecasting by Numerical Processes**, and it was begun when the author was a professional meteorologist in charge of the Observatory at Eskdalemuir. At one time, during the 1914-18 war, when Richardson was serving with an ambulance in France, the unfinished manuscript was lost, to be rediscovered later, buried under a heap of coal behind the lines.

A Remarkable Book

What was Richardson trying to do, and why is this book remarkable? Let me try to explain by referring, first of all, to the sister science of astronomy. Richardson hoped to forecast the weather by calculation, in much the same way as the astronomer forecasts the times of sunset and sunrise, the phases of the moon, or the occurrence of an eclipse. I dare say that sometime or other you have turned the pages, if no more, of the *Nautical Almanac*, the volume that gives, year by year, the Astronomer Royal's calculations of the positions of the sun, the moon, and certain stars, as viewed from Greenwich. In the current volume I find, for example, the statement that on June 30, 1954, there is to be a total eclipse of the sun, but only a partial eclipse at Greenwich. The Astronomer Royal tells us, with complete confidence, that to see the total eclipse we must be somewhere on a narrow belt north of the British Isles, at times which he gives to the nearest minute. From the preface, it appears that these details were worked out some years ago.

We know, from past experience and for other reasons, that the Astronomer Royal is always correct in these matters. If you chose to go to a certain place on the calculated 'belt of totality', it is certain that there an eclipse will begin and end on the day and at the time given in the *Nautical Almanac*. There is no risk that it will not happen. The real risk is that the sky will be overcast, so that the sun will be invisible. The Astronomer Royal says nothing about this aspect which, however, is important for both astronomers and sightseers. If you pressed him on this point I have no doubt that Sir Harold Spencer-Jones would refer you to the Meteorological Office, but I could tell you only the *chance* of getting a clear sky, according to past statistics. You would have to wait until one or two days before the time of eclipse for a definite forecast and even then I could not be too sure that the forecast would be fulfilled.

The *Nautical Almanac* is a 'marvel of forecasting'—extremely accurate predictions of events beyond human control, made, if need be, many years before they take place. What Richardson had in mind was no less than a *Nautical Almanac* for the atmosphere; that is, a book in which we could look up the weather for any day several months, perhaps years, ahead. He rejected the idea that it is possible to predict weather accurately by relying entirely on past experience (which is what we all do, to greater or less degree). No two dispositions of stars, planets, and satellites are ever exactly alike, and astronomers calculate the positions anew every year. Why should we expect any two weather maps to be exactly alike, asks Richardson, or even that similar weather situations will be followed by the same sequence of weather? He goes on to say:

> This is the reason for presenting in this book a scheme for weather forecasts, which resembles the process by which the *Nautical Almanac* is produced... The scheme is complicated because the atmosphere is complicated. But it has been reduced to a set of computing forms.

Finally, he states his creed in these words:

> Perhaps some day in the dim future it will be possible to advance the computations faster than the weather advances and at a cost less than the saving to mankind due to the information gained. But that is a dream.

You will see that to realise Richardson's dream we need to know the answers to two questions: first, is it possible to 'calculate the weather', and second, can we do it fast enough to make useful predictions? I want to tell you something here of the progress made in the last few years. But first, how far did Richardson succeed in 1922? Most of the book is concerned with setting up the extremely complicated equations, but Richardson had the courage of his convictions and tried (with what we now know to be utterly inedaquate observations) to predict, by calculation, the main elements of the weather over north-west Europe for six hours ahead, on one selected day. The labour was immense. He says: 'It took me the best part of six weeks to draw up the computing forms. My office was a heap of hay in a cold rest billet' (much of this work was done in France during the 1914-18 war), and his final estimate was that his scheme would need 64,000 computers to race the weather for the whole globe, a figure which he rightly calls 'staggering'. With his puckish humour, he envisaged the Meteorological Office of the future as something like the Albert Hall, with computers all around, in the boxes, the stalls, and the galleries, and in the centre the chief mathematician, the conductor of this monstrous orchestra, playing beams of blue light on those who were pulling ahead, and red beams on those who were falling behind, in the daily race with the weather!

It is sad to have to admit that Richardson's one example of a six-hour forecast was completely wrong, so much so that it must have taken considerable courage to publish the figures. In this instance, however, the failure of the actual forecast is of no great significance. What matters is that Richardson used a technique which is now thought to be the only way in which this formidable problem can be attacked with any hope of success. Richardson was that very rare being, an original thinker. Great technical skill is not uncommon among mathematicians; originality is much rarer, and when the two occur together you have someone to whom that much misused word 'genius' may be applied with justice.

Let us now take a look at the meteorological problem. Why has it proved impossible, so far, to produce a *Nautical Almanac* of the weather? We may see this more clearly if we ask, first, why the astronomers have succeeded so well in their problem. The main reason is that the sun and the planets form a closed, stable system: the motions of our solar system are, to all intents and purposes, immune from outside influences, and gravitational forces are so strong, and produce such a perfect balance, that any small irregularities that might occur in the motion must remain small or die away. They cannot grow large enough to affect the motion significantly and this is why predictions of eclipses and the like are always correct. Nothing short of a catastrophic change could make an eclipse occur at the wrong time, and you may be sure that if a change did take place, we should not be worrying about minor optical phenomena such as eclipses.

'At the Bottom of an Ocean of Air'

The meteorologist deals with a very different kind of system. We live at the bottom of an ocean of air which is deep enough to make the scale of phenomena vast by human standards and yet so shallow that disturbances can easily affect the whole system. As far as the meteorologist is concerned, the most important constituent of the atmosphere is water vapour. Oxygen, nitrogen, and the other gases, however essential they may be to life, do not play such a large part in the problem of weather. Water vapour is unlike the other atmospheric gases in that it is present in very variable amounts and changes frequently into the liquid phase (*i.e.* into rain or clouds) or into the solid phase (*i.e.* ice, snow, or hail) and back again. In the course of these changes, large amounts of heat are taken up or set free. In fact, the atmosphere is really a steam-engine with the sun as furnace, situated on a spinning globe of highly irregular surface. This kind of system is extremely difficult to analyse mathematically, partly because almost every element reacts significantly with every other, and partly because the system is not very stable. It is not only the complexity and cross-linking of

* Cambridge University Press. 30s.

atmospheric processes that trouble the mathematician, but the fact that disturbances that are small at first can grow rapidly into major phenomena. There is no single dominant force, such as gravitation, to ensure that the rhythm is maintained, as in the solar system. If there were, we should have not weather but climate, a regular succession of seasons with little or no variation from year to year, and there would be no need for weather forecasts.

How can we deal with such a system? In other words, how are weather forecasts made today? The answer is by physical reasoning, tempered by experience. Calculation, in the strict sense of the word, is hardly ever used. In modern weather forecasting there are many technicalities. We have our own jargon, we talk of depressions and anticyclones, warm fronts, cold fronts, air masses and the like, and much attention is paid to winds and temperature up to heights of several miles. Both theory and experience tell us that the distribution of air pressure, the quantity measured by the barometer, is especially closely related to weather, and the practical forecaster attempts to foresee the weather of tomorrow by first examining barometric changes over a wide area. Guided by maps of pressure distribution for the past twelve, twenty-four, and forty-eight hours, he draws what he thinks will be the pattern of barometer readings at the end of the next twenty-four hours. This is called a prebaratic or forecast chart. (For example, he may consider that a depression now on the Atlantic will move towards Iceland, another over Norway will deepen, or fill up, and so on.) Having made his pressure pattern, he puts in winds, rain, temperature, and clouds to conform, and his forecast is a description of the weather which experience tells him is associated with the pressure distribution shown on the forecast chart.

The electronic office, known as Leo, in which some of the Meteorological Office's mathematical calculations are made. The problems are fed into the black machines on the left: the man is receiving the results. On the right is the co-ordinating unit which works out the problems

This process, as may be imagined, is highly subjective, and in practice the more important forecast charts are prepared by discussion between the senior forecasters. Judgment is an essential feature in this difficult art. A good forecaster has much the same qualities as a good doctor—a liking for the job, power of concentration, and much experience. For routine forecasting one needs to know a good deal of physics, but there is little or no opportunity to display mathematical virtuosity.

I hope that now it is becoming clear why many meteorologists refuse to believe in Richardson's dream of a *Nautical Almanac* of the weather. In short, weather arises from the interplay of many factors of about equal importance, and the atmosphere is not sufficiently stable to allow the kind of prediction that succeeds so well in astronomy. This is true for short-range forecasts; for forecasts over really long periods, of the order of months, the outlook is even less promising. It is possible that weather is indeterminate on this scale, because of the influence of random occurrences such as sunspots or bursts of cosmic rays, but as yet we know too little of the effects of such external influences to be sure on this point.

What we can hope to do is to realise part of Richardson's dream by employing mathematics and mathematical machines to reduce the subjective element in the preparation of the forecast pressure chart. But we must be careful to limit our ambitions. Richardson tried to do too much: he needed ninety symbols because he tried to bring in almost every known element. Today we are content to begin by assuming that the atmosphere behaves according to laws of nature that are simpler than reality. In other words we devise what we call a 'model atmosphere', something like the real atmosphere but much easier to deal with mathematically. As in all problems in applied mathematics, we deliberately leave out some of the more difficult factors. We can fit this model to the observations on some particular occasion, after which it is possible, using known physical principles, to calculate how the barometer readings would change in twenty-four hours if the model were true. In this way we can hope to reproduce not the exact sequence of events in the real atmosphere, but the leading features. Even with simple models, we could not race the weather were it not for the electronic computer, which works like the army of computers envisaged by Richardson. It is this invention, and not any spectacular discovery in mathematics, that has made it possible to try out numerical forecasting.

I want now to tell you something of the work in progress in the Meteorological Office. First, we are confining our attention to a rectangle covering part of the North Atlantic and western Europe. This rectangle is covered by a grid of about 200 points, at every one of which we may suppose that the pressure of the air, at sea level and at about 18,000 feet, is known at some particular time. We call this the initial distribution, so that the mathematician begins with a network of barometer readings and no more. (To get this information from the upper air we must have observations, and these are provided by meteorological balloons equipped with radio and radar devices.)

The model atmosphere is one devised by J. S. Sawyer and F. H. Bushby of the Meteorological Office Forecasting Research Division. It is supposed to have a definite top at about 30,000 feet; it includes the effects of the earth's rotation, and it takes some account of the effects of temperature, but it has no internal friction and thus no means of dissipating energy. The equations of this model are simply the expression of the physical laws that govern the motion of air inside the box formed by the rectangle, the surface of the earth and the 'lid' at 30,000 feet, and they can be arranged to give the rates at which the barometer is rising or falling, at any given time, at points inside the chosen area. From these rates of change, we can calculate the actual changes in air pressure a short time ahead. Although the model is simple, the equations are much too complicated to be solved quickly by ordinary methods, so an electronic computer has to be used. It takes five minutes to feed in all the information about the initial distribution, ten minutes for the machine to solve the equations, and another five minutes to print the results. However, the answers provided by one operation of the machine are good enough only to allow us to predict barometer readings for an hour ahead, so that the process has to be repeated, using newly calculated values, for every hour until finally we have the predicted barometer readings for twenty-four hours ahead of the initial distribution. This was the process used by Richardson, known to mathematicians as 'step-by-step integration'.

To make it clear, suppose we begin with the real situation at noon on Monday. At the end of twenty minutes we know the predicted situation at 1 p.m. on Monday, at the end of forty minutes the machine gives us the prediction for 2 p.m. on Monday, and so on, until at the end of eight hours we have the computed barometer readings for noon on Tuesday. (With more advanced machines the time of eight hours can be much reduced, perhaps to one or two hours.) Thus we finish with a computed forecast chart, which can be handed to a meteorologist to help him to prepare a forecast in ordinary language.

As yet it is far too early to attempt to assess the few results, and it would be unwise to be enthusiastic or despondent at this stage, but

we have seen enough to encourage us to go on with the work. In fact, it is remarkable that such a simple model has done as well as it has. It is true that the machine tends to exaggerate at times, but it has been successful in predicting many of the main features of the real situation. About the same degree of success has been obtained in America, using a somewhat similar model. I hope I have made it clear that the machine does not produce a forecast in the ordinary sense of the word, but only a skeleton which the meteorologist has to clothe with flesh. There is nothing in the mathematics which denotes rain, or snow, or frost. All these have to be filled in by the human forecaster, drawing on his knowledge of physics and his experience. Nevertheless, if we could rely on what the machine tells us, it is possible that we could improve materially the accuracy of the daily forecast.

Let me finish with an expression of my personal views. I believe that the straightforward attack on the weather problem by hydrodynamics now offers us the greatest chance of success. We have tried almost every other method. There are no infallible signs or well-marked periodicities in the weather to guide us: St. Swithin's Day, Buchan's periods, sunspot cycles, are all equally unreliable. The present mathematical method is restricted to short-range forecasts, and I, personally, never expect to see the day when we shall be able to use it with confidence to predict the weather for weeks ahead. It is always possible for disturbances that are below the threshold of observation on, say, Monday, to grow and take charge by Friday, and this makes the long-range problem indeterminate from the mathematical point of view. What I hope can be done is to use mathematics to give an objective and reliable indication of the most probable line of development of a situation. The need for individual skill in forecasting will never disappear, but what we may now hope is that mathematics will prove the guide, counsellor, and friend of the forecaster as never before.—*Third Programme*

A House in Japan

By CARMEN BLACKER

MRS. OKAJIMA needed a certain amount of persuasion before she would consent to let me rent a room in her house. The only room she could spare, she said, was an entirely Japanese one, and did not foreigners require all sorts of luxuries she could not provide—beds, chairs, showers, central heating? The girl who was acting as go-between for me—negotiations of such delicacy could not possibly have been conducted between Mrs. Okajima and myself face to face—explained that I had come to Japan to study at Keio University, and because I was a student and not the wife of an American army officer, I would not regard the luxuries she had mentioned as necessities. So eventually everything was arranged, and I moved in.

A lesson in the tea ceremony

I confess that I myself had had certain misgivings beforehand. Living 'Japanese style' would, I knew, entail certain strains, physical and mental, even though I could do my own cooking and thus continue to have toast and coffee for breakfast, rather than rice and bean soup and strips of black seaweed and yellow tea. But everything proved much easier than I had expected, perhaps because it was made easier by the sympathetic kindness of the Okajima family. Leaving my shoes in the entrance-hall became second nature after a couple of days. Sleeping on the floor, on a couple of quilts which were stowed away during the daytime in a big cupboard let into the wall, was so pleasant that I was quite sorry to have to go back to a bed when I came home. Sitting on the floor, on a flat red cushion at a low desk, was uncomfortable for the first couple of weeks. My legs ached abominably, whether I crossed them, stretched them or folded them under me. But once I had grown used to sitting on the floor, I found it just as difficult to revert to chairs; I felt unaccountably restless and longed to sit on the floor again.

What I found more difficult to adjust myself to was the lack of privacy in a Japanese house. The rooms are divided, not by solid walls, but by sliding screens made of thick paper, which are so far from being sound-proof that one can hear almost everything that is being said and done throughout the entire house. The Okajima family had, however, learnt to ignore completely, whether they were awake or asleep, any sounds they did not wish to hear. Either they had developed powers of iron concentration, or they had simply become less sensitive to unwelcome noise. Kazuko, Mrs. Okajima's daughter, would sometimes do all her homework out loud, in a high, monotonous voice, for four or five hours on end, and her brothers never threw cushions at her head. There was no need to trouble to keep quiet when other people were asleep. If one wanted to turn on the wireless at 6.30 a.m., one did so. If one came back late at night and found someone still awake, one talked to them in a normally loud voice, perhaps even shouted to them from the other end of the house, and nobody but they were the wiser. After a couple of months this ceased to be irritating and I simply took it all for granted.

The house did become very cold indeed in winter, for the only form of heating was the traditional *hibachi*, an elegant large china jar filled with ash, on which glowed a few sticks of charcoal. A *hibachi* gave out enough heat to warm one's hands and take the worst of the chill off the room, but no more. Hence one simply had to wear more clothes. I regularly wore five sweaters, and men's long woolly pants under my trousers. But Japanese houses more than make up in summer for anything they may lack in winter. On a summer's day one could take all the sliding screens out of their grooves, so that the whole room was opened up to the garden. One felt oneself almost in the garden, among the crickets and cicadas and floppy black butterflies. Summer nights, too, were exquisite. I would sit on the edge of the veranda, drinking yellow tea while Mrs. Okajima arranged flowers, looking out at the dark garden, with its pool and its stone lantern and its maple bush. Sometimes we would buy fireflies and let them loose over the pool, where they would dance and dive in the darkness.

Mrs. Okajima had, as I understood later, accepted me as a lodger because she was finding it increasingly difficult to make ends meet. Her husband had died and she had three children in their teens to support and educate. Her daughter Kazuko was causing her a good deal of worry. Her manners, she said, were terrible: she used the most shocking boy's language, shouted and whistled, flew into dreadful tempers, and

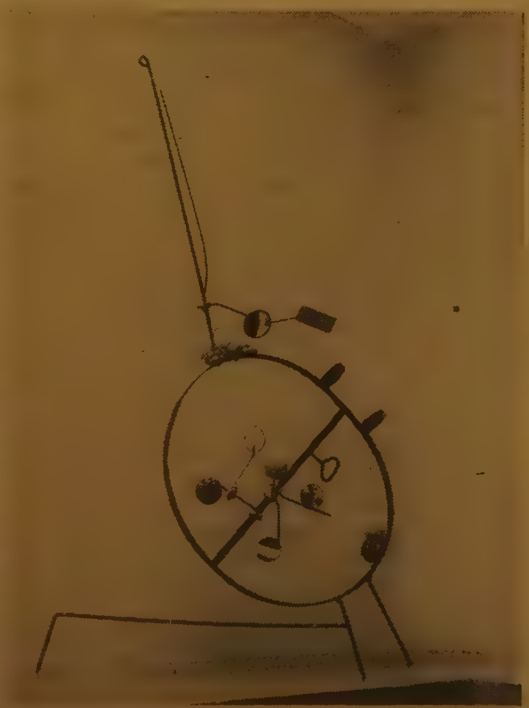
refused to wear an *obi*—the wide sash worn with a kimono—because she said it stopped her breathing. Mrs. Okajima had done her best, but it was no use; and what was she to do if Kazuko never succeeded in getting married? I myself liked Kazuko very much; there was something refreshingly familiar about her. I found her much easier to get on with than the beautifully brought-up, mousy-quiet girls who came to Mrs. Okajima for lessons in flower arrangement and the tea ceremony.

For Mrs. Okajima was by profession a teacher of these two arts. Saturdays were her flower days, and Wednesdays her tea days. On Saturday she would go out very early to the flower shop and choose suitable flowers for each of her pupils, who could turn up for their lessons any time they pleased between 10 a.m. and 11 p.m. Indeed, once I got back at midnight, and Mrs. Okajima said that it was by no means too late for me to have my lesson. For I naturally wanted to have lessons, and was accepted as a pupil almost as soon as I moved in. Every Saturday I would sit on my heels in front of a small low table on which the vase and flowers were placed, and next to one of the beautifully brought-up, mousy-quiet girls. I often wished that the pupils were more like Kazuko, so clumsy and large and mannerless did they make me feel. They would greet Mrs. Okajima with politely inaudible murmurs, their foreheads bowed down to the floor. They never spoke unless they were spoken to. I could see that they would have no difficulty at all in getting married once they had got their diplomas in flower arrangement and the tea ceremony.

Mrs. Okajima thought that I should learn a style of flower arrangement suitable for western rooms. There are several schools of this Japanese art. The old traditional school, perhaps best known to the west, is highly symbolic; the flowers represent heaven, earth, and man, and are arranged in positions which are held to reflect the cosmic relationships between heaven, earth, and man. But this school is really too stiff and sparse and formal to suit the atmosphere of a western room, and in the last fifty years or so a number of other schools have appeared which are less stiff, use more flowers, and largely dispense with the symbolism. But that does not mean that they are any less difficult to learn. In the style I was taught there were few definite rules. There had to be one tall flower called a *shin*, which was the pivot point of the arrangement, and two others to 'balance' and 'support' it on either side. But further than this there were few objective rules to go by; it was all a matter of 'feeling'—which of course made it much more difficult.

Mrs. Okajima would give me the flowers she had selected for me, suggest which one might make a good *shin* and then leave me to make what I could of them. After ten minutes or so she would come back and rearrange most of what I had done—and though I did not always realise exactly why, the flowers always looked very, very much better when she had finished with them than they had done before. Sometimes I could see what I had done wrong, but often I knew it was simply a matter of waiting until I developed the right 'feeling'.

We used not only flowers, but also crooked branches and twigs, and bulrushes, and even stones and bits of driftwood, if they happened to have what Mrs. Okajima called an 'interesting' shape. (There is one very modern, almost surrealist school which uses things like old stockings and bicycle tyres, but in general this school is not regarded with approval.) After a year or so I did develop a better 'feeling' for the flowers, but I doubt if it was good enough to get me the diploma which all the other pupils had to have as part of their trousseaux. Mrs. Okajima once asked me if I would care to try for the diploma, but was obviously relieved when I declined.



Japanese surrealist arrangement consisting of six back-mirrors of bicycles, three apples, and grapes, on a wire frame

Japanese girls at a school for flower-arranging

The tea ceremony lessons took place on Wednesday afternoons. I often regretted that I was too busy at the university to take lessons in this, too. I never felt so large and clumsy and mannerless as when I was invited as a guest to a tea ceremony. I knew that I was sitting wrong, walking wrong, holding the cup wrong, drinking the tea wrong, making the wrong sort of remarks. A few lessons might have helped. But that is one of the problems of the foreign student in Japan; there is so much one wants to learn, and hardly time enough even to begin.

I was not Mrs. Okajima's only lodger. There was a tiny room behind mine which Mrs. Okajima would let for a very small rent to various students. During the fifteen months in which I stayed in the house, several of these boys came and went. There was Tomonaga-san, whom Mrs. Okajima did not care for at all, and who in consequence did not stay long. His room was always a chaos of small, empty, unwashed whisky bottles, dirty teacups, and cigarette ash. He would play jazz records while Mrs. Okajima was trying to give the mousy-quiet girls their tea ceremony lessons, and would occasionally come into my room and ask me to teach him dance steps. He always looked so very thin and unwell that I wondered if he were taking drugs, but it turned out that he had T.B. We did not know this until some time after he had gone, by which time it was not worth fumigating the room, Mrs. Okajima said.

Tomonaga-san was replaced by Uemitsu-san, who was very poor and very, very serious. He never seemed to eat anything and he never seemed to put down his books. Fairly often he would come in and ask me to help him with his English translations. Once he came in during an extremely cold winter spell, when I was sitting on my cushion swathed in my five sweaters, with my *hibachi* between my knees as a kind of hot-water bottle. 'Are you managing to keep warm?' I asked. 'I am a bit cold', he admitted, 'I'm trying not to use any heating at all this winter'. 'But why?' I asked. 'To cultivate my self-control', he

replied. I had not been in Japan long at that time, so I was surprised. 'But you've come all the way to Tokyo to study, and if you let yourself get so cold that your hands won't write, aren't you rather defeating your purpose?' He looked at me very disdainfully—I was a soft, uncomprehending westerner like the rest of them—and left without waiting for me to help him with his translation. I realised that I still had a lot to learn about Japan.

Taking in lodgers and giving flower and tea lessons were not the only ways in which Mrs. Okajima made ends meet. She would frequently let her best front room to four fanatical mah-jong enthusiasts. I would come back in the evening to find four large pairs of men's shoes in the entrance hall, and my heart would sink slightly. For that meant that there would be a most distracting noise of shouting and clacking ivory pieces not only all the evening but all night as well. If it were a weekday evening one could count on their snatching half an hour's sleep about 6.30 a.m. before setting out for their jobs about 7.30. But on a Saturday evening they might well play right through until midday on Sunday. The noise was a nuisance, Mrs. Okajima once admitted, but they always paid well for the use of the room, and their wives, knowing where they were, were not worried lest they might be up to worse things.

I was sorrier to leave Mrs. Okajima's house than almost any other I have stayed in. I was sorry to leave not only my little room, with its pale straw mats, looking out on to the garden with the pool, and the easy, pleasant way one could have a conversation with someone in the next room but one, but also the imaginative kindness and warmth of the whole family. When I think of some of the Oxford landladies under whom I and so many of my friends have suffered, give me Mrs. Okajima every time.—*Home Service*

The Background to 'Dubliners'

By STANISLAUS JOYCE

CRITICISM of my brother's novel *Ulysses* has become almost scientific. The genuine Joyce critic examines every word under a microscope, and, it must be admitted, often obtains illuminating results, but the same method is, I think, pernicious when applied to my brother's earlier work. It is true that *Ulysses* has, and was intended by its author to have, various levels of significance, but it is quite another matter when, as I have been informed, an American critic, using a like method, arrives at a conclusion regarding *Chamber Music* which is as absurd as it is unfounded. Still another American critic finds in the short story 'The Clay' three levels of significance on which Maria is successively herself, a witch, and the Virgin Mary. Though such critics are quite at sea, they can still have the immense satisfaction of knowing that they have dived into deeper depths than the author they are criticising ever sounded. I am in a position to state definitely that my brother had no such subtleties in mind when he wrote the story. In justice, though, I must say that exaggerations like those I have mentioned are not typical of American criticism: on the whole, American criticism is careful, painstaking, intelligent, and highly appreciative.

Underlying Plan

The stories in *Dubliners* were not chosen haphazardly; there is an underlying plan in the book. 'The Sisters', 'Araby', and 'An Encounter' are stories of adolescent life. 'The Sisters' and 'Araby' are purely fictional, but 'An Encounter' is based an an actual incident that occurred to my brother and me when we planned and carried out a day's miching together. He was about twelve and I was about ten years of age at the time, and we did not understand what kind of individual we had encountered, but our suspicions were aroused. We thought he was a 'queer juggins'—some kind of escaped lunatic—and we gave him the slip. Later my brother put him into the book as a by-product of English educational methods.

'Eveline' and 'Counterparts' are stories from the life of clerks, female and male. 'A Painful Case' and 'The Clay' present types of celibates, male and female, but, by the way, though Maria is a virgin, she is not the Virgin Mary, and though she is a withered virgin, she is not a witch. 'Two Gallants' is a story of bachelor life, 'A Little Cloud' of married life, with the figure of a successful and impenitent bachelor in it to cause discord and cast a little cloud over married bliss. Between them 'The Boarding House' serves as a connecting link. 'After the Race', 'A Mother', 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', 'Grace' have as backgrounds respectively sporting, musical, political, and religious life in the Irish capital, while 'The Dead', which represents festive life, serves as a kind of boisterous chorus, which is suddenly interrupted to let the book end on a note of disillusionment and resignation, though not of despair.

My brother used to show me the stories page by page as he wrote them, and when he left Dublin and finally settled down in Trieste, he used to send me the stories and invite my criticism. This continued regularly until I joined him at Trieste.

I had unintentionally some part in the stories. 'A Painful Case' is an imaginary portrait of what my brother thought I should become in middle age. The chance meeting with an unknown lady at a concert he found more or less as it is described in the story in a diary I used to keep and he used to read without troubling to ask permission. The rest is elaboration; there was no daughter at the concert, and if there was a husband I never met him. The lady, whose name I never knew, stopped me once that I remember in the street to ask me some conventional questions about my studies, and that was all. I was about eighteen then and should not have had the audacity to speak to her when I met her. Some of the traits he has borrowed from me are the hostility to socialism—my brother, for his part, in so far as he was anything politically, was a socialist—the insufferance of drunkenness, and the habit of taking notes (besides my diary) on a sheaf of papers. It was there he found the two epigrams which he used in the story. As I fancy few readers of *Dubliners* will remember them, I shall quote them. One is: Every bond is a bond to sorrow; the other reads: Love between man and man is impossible because there must not be sexual intercourse, and friendship between a man and a woman is impossible because there must be sexual intercourse. . . . Well, well! Concentrated wisdom and experience at eighteen years of age! However, the use my brother has made of them has redeemed them, and now they haunt my conscience a little less. In order to raise Mr. Duffy's cultural standard he has introduced a few traits taken from his own life, such as the translation of Michael Kramer and mention of Nietzsche, who interested me hardly at all, but he drew little from himself because he had reason not to consider himself a good type of celibate. In my diary, too, he found the conclusion for 'Counterparts'.

My brother was never in a committee room in his life. He got that background from my letters to him. I was once temporarily employed as a clerk for one of the candidates in the municipal elections in Dublin. My brother was in Paris at the time, and in my letters to him and later in conversation with him I described most of the characters that come into the story 'Ivy Day in the Committee-Room': the old caretaker, the shabby canvassers, the unfrocked priest. Instead, the poem on the death of Parnell, with which the story ends, is his own and is a very clever piece of work. It is deliberately bad, but as Mr. Colum observes, in spite of the affected graces of the semi-illiterate poet who has written the poem, one is conscious of a real sorrow. He wrote the story some four or five years later in Trieste.

Parody of the 'Divina Commedia'

The second and third parts of 'Grace' and some of the dialogue as it stands he found again in my diary, but he has used another incident for the first part and changed some of the characters. There is in the story a parody of the *Divina Commedia*: in the underground lavatory, *l'Inferno*; in bed at home convalescing, *il Purgatorio*; in church listening to a sermon, *il Paradiso*. The parody in no way detracts from my brother's almost boundless admiration for the *Divina Commedia*. In fact, his admiration for it had as a consequence so fierce a contempt for Milton's 'Paradise Lost' as almost to give personal offence to the poets and men of letters in Dublin, Yeats excepted, to whom he expressed it.

For the preacher of the sermon, Father Purdon, he has used the figure of Father Bernard Vaughan, a very popular preacher of that time who appeared sometimes in Dublin and whose name was frequently in the newspapers. He was a Jesuit, a member of an old English family, and a cleric in search of publicity, who besides preaching from his legitimate stage, the pulpit, used to deliver short man-to-man talks from inappropriate places, such as the boxing ring before a championship match. My brother has adorned him with the name which was the old name for the street of the brothels in Dublin—Purdon Street.

Idea from a Letter

The idea for 'The Dead' was suggested also by a letter of mine to my brother when he was already in Trieste. It came about in this way. The principal singer at a Moore Centenary Concert in Dublin—such was the name I remember, though 1805 was no special date in Moore's life—was a very well-known Irish baritone who lived in London, Plunket Green. As my father had sung with him in concerts when he was a young man and often used to speak of him, I went to hear him. The quality of his voice was somewhat harsh, I thought, but he could do what he liked with it. One of Moore's Irish melodies which he sang was 'The Dead'. When in the second verse of the song the dead speak, Plunket Green, instead of singing in sepulchral tones, used a plaintive pianissimo. The effect was electrifying. It reminded me of the lines of a cradle-song of Yeats':

> The angels are stooping
> Above your white bed;
> They are weary of trooping
> With the whimpering dead.

It sounded as if the dead were whimpering and jealous of the happiness of the living. My brother liked the idea and asked me to send him the song. I did so, but when he wrote the story some six or seven years later—so long it took to mature!—he preferred to use a west of Ireland ballad for the song which is the turning point of the story.

It may well seem from all this that I am laying claim to some part in my brother's work. That is not the case. A writer finds the material for his creative work everywhere—in his own experience, in something he has read or heard and reflected on, in conversation with others, in letters, even in chance words he has overheard. This quality of growth is one of the characteristics of genius, this fertility of the soil on which seed happens to fall. 'The Boarding House' was suggested by the rude and fluent remarks about his landlady and her daughter made by a little Cockney who was the English teacher in the Berlitz School at Trieste when my brother was first transferred there; the idea for 'Two Gallants' came from the mention of the relations between Porthos and the wife of a tradesman in *The Three Musketeers*, which my brother found in Ferrero's *Europa Giovane*: hence the title. Such trifles awoke a memory of Dublin in his brain; he saw the story clearly and was not at peace until he had put it on paper. In this sense *Dubliners* is as lyrical a work as *Chamber Music*.

As I shared my brother's life day by day, with brief intervals of separation, until January 1915, it was only natural that the promptings for stories should come more frequently from conversation and communication with me than with others; but in no case was it intentional on my part. For example, all the details for 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' except the final poem, as I have said, he took from letters of mine, but it had never occurred to me that there could be a story in them—I had written in a mood of disgust and anger—and still less had it occurred to me that by writing the story dispassionately one could raise oneself above all that mean, shiftless, poverty-stricken life and regard it without hatred, even with compassion and humour.

'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' was the story in *Dubliners* that my brother preferred, yet he, too, had his doubts as to whether it could be called a story. When the manuscript of *Dubliners*, rejected by the seventh or eighth publisher, came home to roost again, and I tried to counter his disappointment, he asked me ironically:

'Do you really think that all Europe is waiting to hear the story of the municipal election in the Royal Exchange Ward in Dublin?'

'Well, if you put it that way, of course not', I answered. 'But I think all intelligent readers are waiting to come across something that is well written'.

Dubliners was published just when the first world war broke out. My brother was in Trieste (then an Austrian port) but was allowed to go to a neutral country, Switzerland, on parole because two important people in Trieste stood surety for him. In Zurich, where he lived during the war, he at first supported himself and his family by giving lessons, and amongst his pupils he had an elderly, cultured Viennese, to whom he lent his newly published book of stories. When his pupil brought it back, my brother asked him which story he liked best. Without hesitation the Viennese answered: 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room'.

My brother was astonished. 'What on earth', he asked, 'did you find to admire in that story?'

The Viennese laughed. 'It amused me', said he, 'because it is so like Vienna'.

An Italian proverb says: *Tutto il mondo é paese*—the whole world is just one township.

For my part, the story which I consider the best in the collection is 'The Dead', and I am glad that my brother dictated the end of it to me, when eye trouble prevented him from writing. There is a mastery of story telling in the skill with which a crescendo of noise and jollity is gradually worked up and then suddenly silenced by the ghost of a memory that returns to blight the happiness of the living. Yet 'The Dead' is not merely a Christmas ghost story and not merely technically clever. In 'The Dead' the two polar attitudes of men towards women, that of the lover and that of the husband, are presented compassionately. It is not the eternal triangle of falsity and deception. The two men at different times in the woman's life have loved her with equal sincerity each in his way, and there is no guile in the woman. But one love is the enemy of the other, and the dead lover's romantic passion, outliving his mortal flesh, is still dominant in the woman's heart.

Towards the end of the last world war, while the Germans were still resisting on the Gothic Line, I was in Florence. Wanting to cash a small cheque on a bank in Trieste, I went to the Banca d'Italia. Over the cashier's office there was a notice to say that cheques on the north of Italy would not be accepted. Nevertheless, being hard up, I presented mine. The cashier said rather gruffly: 'Don't you see the notice?' Then, catching sight of the signature, he asked: 'Are you any relative of the writer, James Joyce?' 'His brother', said I.

He made a sign to me to wait, and after he had dealt with the other customers—there were only a few—he began to speak to me about *Dubliners* and especially about 'The Dead'. The Italian cashier did all the talking; and he spoke with such evident enthusiasm about the humanity of the story, the pity in it, the moving beauty of it that I listened to him 'like a three years child'. And he paid the cheque.

My brother did not like the first stories, which had already appeared in a Dublin paper, and would have liked to re-write 'The Boarding House' but for a fixed objection to changing or omitting anything he had published. Moreover, he always thought that his stories could interest only Dubliners and he struggled desperately to have his book published in Dublin. He failed: 1,000 copies of *Dubliners* ready for publication in Dublin were burned at the behest of a self-authorised vigilance committee. The struggle wasted years of his life and for a while sapped his energy. He had another book of stories in mind but no wish to get on with it. It was one round to the forces behind the scenes in Irish life, but by no means the last round.—*Third Programme*

To a Child

By the mad dead Moon
The black ghats of a day
And frenzied skeleton
That shakes like death at play
In the ground of everyone,
And over the hissing sea
That coils like eyes between
All that we have been
And all we wish to be,
I have walked wilderness
And the red pit of Time
With a wolf in a lamb's dress
And stone Medusa of dream
Hanging ahead, until
The full dread circle came
Round as I stood still
And face to face a child
And I stood double there,
A wild and silent pair
A pair crying and mild.

GEORGE BARKER

NEWS DIARY

March 17–23

Wednesday, March 17

Sir Ralph Stevenson, British Ambassador in Cairo, protests to Egyptian Foreign Minister about failure of Egyptian authorities to maintain law and order in the Canal Zone

President Eisenhower answers questions at news conference about presidential responsibilities in the event of sudden aggression

Engineering and Shipbuilding Unions refuse offer of a five per cent. wage increase

Thursday, March 18

Minister of Agriculture tells Commons of reduction in price guarantees to farmers

Secretary of State for Colonies returns to London from Nairobi

Friday, March 19

U.S.A. submit to Soviet Union plan to further the peaceful development and use of atomic energy

British Army officer killed by Egyptians in Canal Zone. Sir Ralph Stevenson calls on President Neguib

Upper House of Federal German Parliament approves Bills which will allow western Germany to re-arm

Saturday, March 20

Chief of Staff of the French Armed Forces, General Ely, arrives in Washington to discuss Indo-China war with United States leaders

Russia tells Netherlands Government there is no justification for foreign military bases on Dutch territory

Sunday, March 21

French aircraft keep up day and night bombing of rebels besieging Indo-Chinese garrison of Dien Bien Phu

Communiqué published on talks held in Ankara between Dr. Adenauer, Federal German Chancellor, and Dr. Menderes, Turkish Prime Minister

Monday, March 22

British Government informs Egyptians that a resumption of discussions on Suez Canal base is impossible in present conditions

Alterations announced in arrangements for royal tour of Western Australia owing to outbreak of poliomyelitis

London gold market reopens after fifteen years

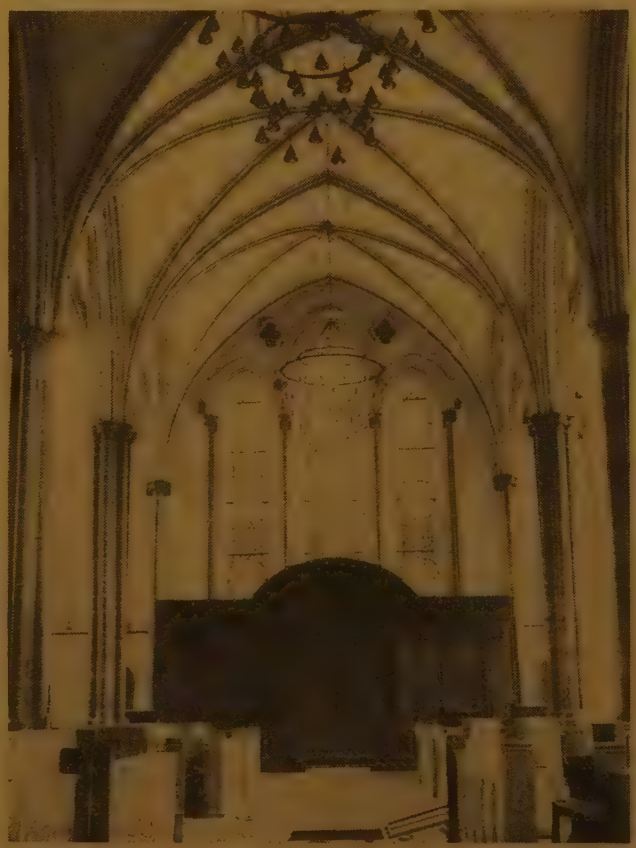
Tuesday, March 23

Prime Minister makes statement on United States and use of atomic bombs

Minister of Labour to appoint committee of enquiry into dispute in film industry

Commons debate proposed increase in judges' salaries

King Saud of Saudi Arabia, who is making a state visit to Egypt, leaving the airport on his arrival in Cairo on March 20, accompanied by President Neguib



On March 23 the bomb-damaged Temple Church in the City of London, which is being restored, was rededicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The photograph shows the new east window under which is Wren's original altar-screen

Right: the new organ in the Royal Festival Hall which was heard for the first time in public yesterday at a concert attended by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother

The Queen waving goodbye to aborigines wh the Duke of Edinburgh with a display of corr visit to Wyalla (190 miles north-west of A

G. Rimmer (England) gets away with the b Calcutta Cup match against Scotland at Mur beating Scotland by thirteen points to three, Crown for the first time sin

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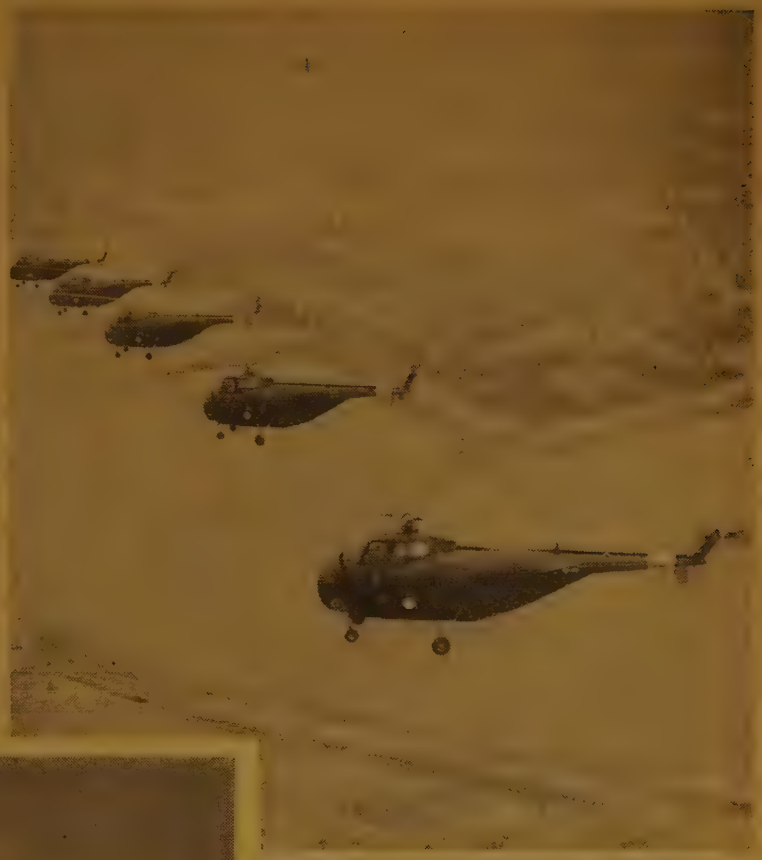
The first session of the Persian Parliament since the overthrow of Dr. Moussadeq, last August, opened on March 18. The Shah is seen reading his address



The Royal Navy's first anti-submarine helicopter squadron which went into operational service on March 15, photographed in flight over Gosport. At the end of this month the helicopters (called 'Whirlwinds') are expected to leave for Malta where they will be based at the Royal Naval Air Station at Halfar

A new acquisition by the National Trust: Uppark, Sussex, one of the most beautiful and least altered of late seventeenth-century country houses. The property, with fifty acres of its park, is a gift to the Trust from Admiral the Hon. Sir Herbert Meade Fetherstonhaugh and his son

Maintenance workers sealing up H.M.S. *Victory* at Portsmouth in preparation for fumigating the ship against the ravages of dry rot and death watch beetle, both of which are threatening her timbers

Peggy, the camel, with her week-old calf, Christopher: a photograph taken at the London Zoo on March 19

Left: Suffolk sheep with their lambs—some only three days old—photographed on a farm near Luton, Bedfordshire, last week

NEW IDEAS FOR SPRING REDECORATION

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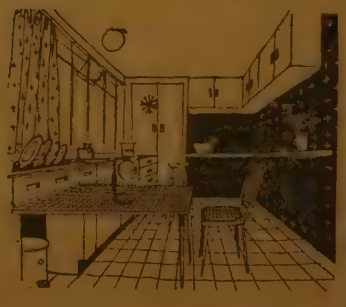

Walls, floors and accessories that make the modern bathroom.

NOW ON SALE — TWO SHILLINGS

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Greatness of Albert Einstein

Sir,—Dr. Bronowski's talk on this subject is so misleading, inaccurate, and out of date, that some correction is necessary.

The most misleading statement is his assertion that great revolutionary thinkers in science are thinkers rather than inventors or experimenters. The suggestion that Einstein's lack of personal contact with Nature—a contact which can only be obtained by years of observation and experiment—was shared by Newton and Darwin is utterly false. Newton (to say nothing of his youthful inventions) performed hundreds of experiments in mechanics, optics, and chemistry; and to the last of his days was calling for 'more experiments'. When he wanted a telescope, he made it himself, polishing the mirror to the correct shape with his own hands, the mirror being made of an alloy whose composition was determined by the results of his own chemical experiments. Darwin made countless observations in botany, zoology, and geology. His investigations made during the voyage of *The Beagle* alone occupied five years.

It is this close personal contact with Nature combined with deep thought that makes great scientists, and this inevitably shows in their philosophy. Newton and Darwin were guided by Nature, but Einstein, it is reported, has said that he is being guided by 'form' (*i.e.*, the form of his mathematical equations). As Whitehead has truly said:

> There can be no true physical science which looks first to mathematics for the provision of a conceptual model. Such a procedure is to repeat the errors of the logicians of the Middle Ages.

As regards a relation between mass and energy: this was first put forward by Sir J. J. Thomson in 1881, and Poincaré (in 1900) suggested that this should be $E=Mc^2$ (where c is the velocity of light). Einstein did not assert this relation until 1905, and his proof has been criticised by one of America's foremost physicists, the late Dr. Ives: in fact, the last sentence of his paper is simply: 'Einstein did not prove $E=Mc^2$'. It is undoubtedly a useful *formula*, but it is inaccurate to say that Einstein was

> The marvellous youth who at twenty-six had for the first time equated mass with energy.

Again, it is inaccurate to say that Einstein's General Theory of Relativity predicted 'a phenomenon of which no one had ever dreamt, the curvature of light' (by a large body). Newton suggested that an effect should be looked for, and in 1801, long before Einstein was born, Soldner calculated that the deflection of starlight near the sun should be 0.85 seconds. Dr. Bronowski is quite out of date in saying that this prediction has been satisfactorily verified. It is now admitted that there is a discordance between experiment and theory, and some practising astronomers (who understand the experimental difficulties in a way that those who never do experimental work do not) hold that the deflections are too small for reliable measurement at present.

Those of your readers who would prefer a sober, accurate, and more detailed account of Einstein's contribution to mathematical physics will find it in Sir Edmund Whittaker's monumental *History of the Theories of Aether and Electricity* (Nelson) of which the second volume has recently appeared and where all references will be found. They may be shocked to find the chapter devoted to what is usually called special relativity entitled: 'The relativity theory of Poincaré and Lorentz'.

It seems a pity that Dr. Bronowski's talk should have been broadcast on the European Service from the country of Newton and Darwin.—Yours, etc.,

Arosa, Switzerland G. BURNISTON BROWN

McCarthyism

Sir,—Mr. Vernon Bartlett in his analysis of McCarthyism (THE LISTENER, March 11) and its effects in Europe does the United States less than justice, for his thesis neglects the profound psychological element injected into the situation by the observer in Europe. Many Europeans view the United States with an unhappy combination of admiration and envy; they are unwilling to recognise that the United States, a neophyte in the realm of international affairs, has now to bear the major burden in the defence of the west and that this of itself will give rise to serious strain in the American body politic.

The world of today has required the surrender of local autonomy within the States of the Union and the accretion of power and responsibility to the Federal Government. That this government has, or has had within it, elements devoted to the cause of communism, albeit unwittingly, has left open the door to attack from the honest crusader—and for the demagogue, there can exist a broad highway to power.

Senator McCarthy has risen to his present position by the failure of those whom he has attacked to accept their public responsibilities when such are in conflict with their conscience, by widespread public misapprehension in the face of international commitments of unprecedented magnitude, and only thirdly by the presence of unreliable (disloyal?) elements in Government. The Senator's path is strewn with the wreckage of power blocs, each a victim of its own position and its failure to understand this. He has no positive policy to be enacted; his aim is power, his means, nihilism.

As a political entity, McCarthyism is neither totalitarian, nor reactionary in the accepted British sense. It has, for example, no anti-Semitic segment, no anti-labour objectives, and only little xenophobic content. The Senator's success can be largely attributed to the attention bestowed upon him by his political opponents and to the reluctance of those who, by their knowledge and eminence, could place the '*ism*' in perspective.

The situation is by no means as dark as many Europeans would believe: within itself, McCarthyism bears the seeds of its own destruction and as now sown in the soil of American democracy germination cannot be long delayed.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge V. M. CLARK

The Liberal Party's Case

Sir,—Mr. Mirfin's courteous anxiety, in the Party Political Broadcast printed in THE LISTENER of March 18, to compliment 'the other university' has led him to exaggerate his case. The Liberal Club has long ceased to 'bestride like a Colossus' the narrow world of Oxford politics. May I, on behalf of the petty men in the Labour Club, modestly claim that our programmes have been as full—and perhaps both more serious and more varied—and our activities as energetic as theirs? In Michaelmas—bumper term—we had about 250 more members than the Liberals. However, if we are to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's I must admit that next term's President of the Liberal Club is considerably taller than I am. Perhaps this is what Mr. Mirfin meant.

Yours, etc.,

JEREMY ISAACS

Chairman, Oxford University Labour Club

Life in a Chinese University

Sir,—The letter published in THE LISTENER of March 18 from Mr. Lim Sien Wai contains several erroneous comments.

I merely recorded a fact, without any suggestion of 'complaining' that students in China today choose as their course of study practical subjects. China needs all her citizens to help in the great problem of reconstruction. This is quite understandable at present, but when illiteracy has been overcome and industrialisation is well under way, this temporary measure will be discarded, and students again study the Arts as they do, for instance, in Moscow University.

I found no 'negligence' of Chinese culture or civilisation in the many universities, both Chinese and mission, in which I taught. Students in China today are keenly interested in the literature of other countries and regard the literature of all countries as the heritage of all mankind. What they object to is the assumption that the culture of any one country is superior to that of another.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.11 L. CLAGUE

The Roots of Ethiopia

Sir,—May I be permitted to point out that Professor Michael Grant's Third Programme talk on 'The Roots of Ethiopia' (reproduced in THE LISTENER of March 18) contained some errors and factual inaccuracies. Consideration for your space, Sir, prevents me from referring to more than one or two matters.

To describe the archaeological remains of Aksum as 'weird' and to assert that we know very little indeed abouf its culture is surely astounding in view of all the scholarly achievements over the past fifty years since Littmann's Aksum expedition. Nor is there any need to be so hesitant about the relations between the Semitic elements in Ethiopia and their ancestors in south Arabia. We happen to know a great deal about these migrations. Professor Grant says: 'The kings of Aksum actually claimed still to rule southern Arabia. Whether they did, or when they did, it is hard to say. But some people think they can today detect influences of Arabia in their surviving relics'. In fact, however, we possess an abundance of conclusive evidence about Aksumite rule in southern Arabia. Glaser, Conti Rossini, Littmann, and others have discovered many epigraphic documents on both sides of the Red Sea which have taken this subject out of the realm of conjecture. And, after all,

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OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE

the last Aksumite viceroy was still in Arabia when Muhammad was born. There is no question here of 'detecting influences': we have found south Arabian relics, in Sabaean language and script, on Ethiopian soil. We know that the Semitic elements in Abyssinia are the descendants of south Arabian tribes who crossed the Bab el-Mandeb and that classical Ethiopic (Ge'ez) is the successor language of ancient south Arabian.

The Ethiopic ark of the covenant is called *tabot*, not *tabor*. The descriptions of monophysite Christianity and of the return to Ethiopia of a MS. of the *Kebra Nagast* are somewhat unhappy. The use of the term 'Amharic', the references to Abyssinian languages or to 'Divine Monarchy' in Ethiopia, the distinction between 'Ethiopia' and 'Abyssinia', the notion of 'Coptic art', or the biblical conception of Ethiopia—all require to be restated in rather different terms.—Yours, etc.,

The University, St. Andrews — EDWARD ULLENDORFF

The Indian Way of Thought

Sir,—In answer to Mr. Kilmister's letter to you on the above subject, I would like to assure Mr. Kilmister that I deplore a high infant-mortality rate probably as much as he does; although I would not use the infant mortality figures as an infallible yardstick for measuring 'progress'. I believe that there are goals to which one can progress which are even more important than the goal of a low infant-mortality rate. And I believe that one might conceivably achieve a low-mortality rate along with many other much less desirable things.

As to whether 'my alternative' can produce a low infant mortality—I believe it can. I was not alive during the past few thousand years, so I cannot claim any credit, nor accept any blame, for the infant-mortality rate over that period. Mr. Kilmister might be wise to examine carefully the factors which have produced a low-mortality rate during the past half century. I think he might find that birth control is an important one, and a better knowledge of such matters as hygiene and dietary another. I do not think that he will find that those aspects of modern industrialism which I deplore (such as 'ready-made suits') have had very much bearing on the matter.

I would like to assure Mr. Kilmister that I am not against 'progress'. But I am concerned about the direction in which I am asked to progress.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.6 — JOHN SEYMOUR

'English Law and the Moral Law'

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of March 11 Mr. C. E. Jeremy comments that he has for years been trying to teach the elements of the 'English Constitution' to schoolboys, and that he has never heard questioned Dicey's fundamental dogma of '*the legislative sovereignty of Parliament*'. His reference to the 'English Constitution' is the clue to his misunderstanding. It may be admitted that the view he mentions is generally held by English constitutional lawyers and historians. It does not follow that it can be accepted as the law of the United Kingdom, which is substantially founded on the terms of the Treaty of Union with Scotland in 1707. This Treaty comprised terms which were expressly stated to restrict 'Parliamentary powers', and it may be recalled that the doctrine of 'Parliamentary Sovereignty' was never part of the law of Scotland prior to 1707.

In the recent case of *MacCormick* v. *Lord Advocate*, 1953, S.L.T. 255, the Court of Session rejected the view that the Parliament of Great Britain was 'absolutely sovereign' in the sense that Parliament should be free to alter the Treaty of Union at will. The Lord President observed: 'Considering that the Union legislation extinguished the Parliaments of Scotland and England and replaced them by a new Parliament, I have difficulty in seeing why it should have been supposed that the new Parliament of Great Britain must inherit all the peculiar characteristics of the English Parliament but none of the Scottish Parliament, as if all that happened in 1707 was that Scottish representatives were admitted to the Parliament of England. This is not what was done'. He agreed, however, that in a matter of *public* right (see Article XVIII of the Treaty) the Scottish Courts could not declare legislation to be *ultra vires*.

In short, though Parliament 'cannot' abrogate the fundamental law by which it is bound by the conditions of its own creation, it 'can' always by usurpation of political power destroy part of the law of the Constitution. May I refer Mr. Jeremy to the *Law Quarterly Review*, volume 69, page 512, for fuller discussion of the law involved, and may I add such support as a former pupil may give to the accurate analysis of Professor Goodhart.

May I suggest that the view which Mr. Jeremy quotes has not tended to foster a proper understanding of the Constitution of Great Britain just because its exponents fail to appreciate that the Constitution is not that of England alone.—Yours, etc.,

Old Aberdeen — T. B. SMITH

Sir,—May I answer Mr. Sidney Salomon's criticism? The nation responsible for the ill-treatment of the Jews in 1939-45 had repudiated Christianity. The shocked Christian world did all in its power to prevent or alleviate their sufferings.

Space unfortunately limits reference to past persecutions. All religions, Christian and Jewish included, have much to be ashamed of through the actions of so-called followers. But did all the blame rest with their persecutors? Christianity, mainly through a loyal minority, strove to help mankind (*i.e.*, to love their neighbour irrespective of race or religion) by fighting evil conditions, and forcing through reforms on the lines laid down by Christ. By such methods Christianity has accomplished that which no other religion has attempted.—Yours, etc.,

Tunbridge Wells — J. E. H. BETTERIDGE

I Remember . . .

Sir,—I am sure most Catholics are grateful to Mr. Harold Binns for showing us so clearly what the Catholic Church *really* teaches concerning the salvation of those who will not accept the authority of the Church. It is salutary to be reminded occasionally that the Catholic Church really does mean what she says. Even so, these Papal pronouncements must be viewed in their proper context, and in the light of the circumstances in which they were uttered; also they are *de jure* and directive. And when a Catholic says that this does not mean that particular souls are condemned to Hell he is offending no doctrine of his Church—on this aspect we have no need of Mr. Binns' directives. No squaring of the circle is necessary—only a little commonsense, and perhaps a little tolerance!

The position is quite clear even to the average Catholic: does Mr. Binns imagine that all the attempts on the part of Catholics both here and abroad to solve the differences that divide the churches are based on the assumption that our 'separated brethren' are *de facto* damned? The present Pope has even permitted that in certain circumstances prayers may be said in common. Perhaps Mr. Binns would like to lecture the Pope now?—Yours, etc.,

'CATHOLICUS'

West African Mosaic

Sir,—In Africa there are far more children than school places. For this reason authorities do their best to accept only those applicants who have reached their fifth birthday. The difficulty presented by the absence of birth certificates is overcome by a simple yet accurate test. If a child is able to touch its ear with the opposite hand passed over the head it is at least five, or nearly so.

The picture accompanying the article, 'West African Mosaic', in THE LISTENER of March 11 shows the children undergoing the test, and not, as the caption suggests, signifying their ability to answer questions.

If I am right, I do hope the youngster nearest the camera was not expelled!—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.6 — CHARLES W. STEWART

Royal Society of Arts

(*continued from page 521*)

On the strength of that past and the position of art and commerce today, we should now, to finish with, ask ourselves what can be the function of the Royal Society of Arts today. The promotion of art in industry? The Council of Industrial Design is doing that. The promotion of an art more contemporary in character than what goes as a rule into the Royal Academy? The Arts Council is doing that. And similarly other functions which would be in harmony with the programme of such an association as the Royal Society of Arts are safely in the hands of the National Trust, the National Art Collections Fund, the Royal Photographic Society, the Town and Country Planning Association, the National Playing Fields Association, and dozens of others. Can there, then, be any *raison d'être* left for a private Society such as the one whose history I have outlined to you, and can there be a future in the mid-twentieth century in terms of work of as much urgency and vigour as had been the work undertaken by the original founders and again by Prince Albert and Henry Cole?

My answer is this. For one thing, to keep 6,000 people informed by lectures and the publication of results in a large number of subjects, and not just in one specialised subject, is in itself an important thing. It holds up a tradition of all-round culture which is in danger of disappearing. Secondly, a Society so entirely private can offer a platform for any new idea or new approach or for any criticism of what is inadequate or outmoded. I said 'it can offer'; for it does not necessarily do so. Henry Cole and his friends were certainly more outspoken than the Society usually is now. But the sense of adventure of 1754 and the ruthless integrity of strong-principled criticism of 1851 must remain the lodestone of this Society. If it goes genteel, it is lost.

But I do not think it will. Prince Albert was twenty-four when he became President. He was thirty-one in the year of the Great Exhibition. The Duke of Connaught was sixty-one in 1911, when he became President. He had stipulated that he ought not to be expected to attend council meetings; he was too busy otherwise. He died in 1942 at the age of ninety-two. In 1947 a new President was elected. She was twenty-one. When the duties of Queenship were laid on her, she handed on to the Duke of Edinburgh. And so the future lies now, as it did a hundred years ago, in the hands of a young President, a man of thirty-two, brought up in a young school, and in sympathy with young ideas. This is what I regard as the Society's best guarantee for the future.

—*Home Service*

Round the London Art Galleries

Above, left: 'Le Dimanche Parisien' (1889), from the retrospective exhibition of works by Paul Signac (1863-1935), at Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd.

Above: 'The Droshky Driver' (1938?), a water-colour and gouache on board, from an exhibition of paintings and drawings by Jankel Adler, at the Matthiesen Gallery

Left: 'The Farm Wagon', from the retrospective exhibition of paintings, water-colours, drawings, and wood-engravings by John Nash, at the Leicester Galleries, where Claude Venard is also exhibiting

Prophet without Dishonour

PHILIP SPENCER on Lamennais

'A LITTLE, shabby, meagre figure—an immense head and forehead and burning eyes—in an old coat, blue stockings, and hob-nailed shoes', a fierce and rather disreputable old person without either money, friends, or following, who had just given up an attempt to translate the New Testament and now spent his time turning the *Divine Comedy* into unconvincing French—this drab and desolate old man was a theologian as remarkable as Schleiermacher, a theorist as original as Karl Marx, a stylist as fiery as Carlyle. Lamennais was never a candidate for easy success, but the contrast between his immense gifts and his apparent failure is so striking that it stirs up questions. Why did he end like this? Why did he lose his following? They are questions that Lamennais must often have put to himself, and they indicate a pattern of enquiry.

Lamennais was born in Brittany; and in 1782 Brittany was remote from the ideas and influences of Paris. Its sparse and uneven roads made it a province hard to penetrate, and the political discontents and religious doubts of the capital had barely reached its borders. It remained loyal to the King and faithful to the Church: to be a Breton was to be a Catholic and a Royalist. One could, then, fairly predict that Lamennais would share these beliefs. He also possessed the Breton temperament: imaginative, moody, irritable, he was almost a caricature of the Celt. No doubt these traits were inborn; but they were certainly intensified by the circumstances in which he was brought up. After the death of his mother, when he was five, his education was casual and haphazard. He was left almost entirely to his own devices. Set a boy like this in a romantic countryside, rob him of parental guidance, deprive him of companions of his own age, set him free to wander alone along a deserted shore—it sounds almost like a text-book recipe for the development of an uneasy, wayward temperament. Lamennais had no mother, no companions, no formal education to teach him the extent of his own ignorance. No wonder he earned a reputation for eccentricity. Imbued as he was with the convictions of his Breton ancestors, he was said to spend hours on the sand-dunes in musing and prayer.

Félicité Robert de Lamennais (1782-1854)

At this time he could barely read or write, and one of his uncles, fearing that he was in danger of becoming a minor prophet, forcibly removed him to a small house in the depths of the country at La Chesnaie. Lamennais was locked in a library and left to the task of teaching himself. Superficially the method succeeded better than it deserved. Looking about him, he discovered a separate collection of books that were considered subversive and dangerous, and immediately his education made up lost ground. Before his unfortunate uncle had awoken to the fact, he was familiar with the broad outlines of eighteenth-century philosophy, he had savoured the scepticism of Montaigne and sampled the prose of Cicero and Tacitus.

These fluctuations in Lamennais' upbringing would be less important if they were not so violent. But the contrast was as bald and brutal as it sounds. By the time he was five or six, the main outlines of his character were already determined: he had adopted the attitude that was to remain with him for the rest of his life. Then, with preposterous suddenness, this idle and apparently backward country boy was given an opportunity to display his real intellectual precocity; closeted in his uncle's library, he taught himself the art of rhetoric and the technique of argument. It was as though he had only to stretch out his hand and the fruit fell into it. But the very ease of his success was his misfortune. He knew no more discipline as a schoolboy than as a child. This meant that, in spite of his chance to develop an untrammelled originality, he was spared the difficulty of dealing with inconvenient facts; he was not bothered by the awkward exception to the generalisation; he was not obliged to reconcile his theory with stubborn realities.

The pattern of his childhood reappears in the method of his thought. His point of departure is always reverie and invocation; the hypothesis is granted by an act of intuition, by a flash of insight. Reason, rhetoric, argument then come into play as tools—methods not of discovering the truth but of spreading it once it has been discovered. His attitude, despite all appearances to the contrary, is never rational. However cogent the process of argument, its point of departure is felt rather than worked out. Lamennais' preparation is emotional rather than intellectual; and when it comes to details, his scrutiny is often casual in the extreme. He hazards assertions without checking them. To take a trivial example: he announces that the number of madmen in England increased enormously during the reign of Henry VIII and has never since declined; and he employs this curious allegation as a proof that insanity is a normal and predictable result of any weakening of authority.

If this makes it sound as though Lamennais were not an impressive thinker, I believe one must concede the point, superficially at least. He had little critical sense and no discrimination in his use of premisses. His strength lay in another sphere. But it is precisely this discrepancy between his emotional attitude and his intellectual method that helps to answer our preliminary question: Why did he lose his following? It also has a bearing on another difficult question: Where was the consistency in his outlook?

For if you survey the outline of Lamennais' career it seems puzzling and almost inexplicable. There are three phases, each rigidly divided from the others. In 1816, when he was nearly thirty-four, Lamennais was ordained a priest. He launched out as an apologist and had soon established himself as a leading Royalist and Ultramontane. All Europe knew his name; he nearly won a cardinal's hat. Yet about 1828, he embarked abruptly on a second phase: turning aside from the monarchists, he embraced the cause of the people. By the time that Louis Philippe was deposed, he was on the brink of Republicanism, and in the pages of his paper, *L'Avenir*, he argued that freedom was an essential condition for the survival of religion in society. This period lasted till 1832, when his doctrines were condemned by Rome. For a few months Lamennais hesitated, but by 1834 he had begun a third phase: he abjured his faith, left the Church, and turned his attention to the more immediate discontents of the modern world.

What, in all these changes, was Lamennais' principle? What was he loyal to? The answer is, I think, suggested by some of the remarks of his friends: they praise (and it is surprising in a man of such ferocity) his kindness, his tenderness, his concern about people in general. And if we turn over the pages of his early works, this suggestion is reinforced. In his *Essay on Religious Indifference* he depicts the

Thoughts are free from toll

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623)

To think is not expensive. It needs no apparatus, no personnel, no premises. The only equipment is in one's head; the gears and pinions of the brain, and the lever that sets them turning.

Everyone can be a thinker. Not a great thinker, perhaps; but the creator, now and then, of a thought that has great consequences. And that is the measure of a thought's greatness: the ripple that it spreads.

At the back of every new industry is such a thought. Can 'it' be made some other way instead? Marketed or assembled more simply? Processed or refined by that method or in this place, instead of as before? A progressive industry is the translation of these thoughts into machinery, buildings and organisation.

But the climate in which such thoughts can first arise, and can be expressed in action, is one of free enquiry and research. Without this, invention gives way to maintenance. A trained man can be a technician; it takes a free man to be a thinker.

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effects of indifference, atheism, and protestantism on society; and when he comes to draw up a systematic defence of religion, he bases this defence not on reason but on the *sensus communis*, the universal testimony of the human race. This concern with people, these fears for society, this respect for a generally held belief, all point in the same direction: they all indicate an overriding interest in the general welfare of humanity. As an apologist, Lamennais thinks of the conversion of society; he differs from Pascal and Bishop Butler, who think in terms of the individual soul. Not that he ever aims purely or primarily at material well-being: on the contrary, his ideals, even at the last, are based on moral and spiritual values. But it is true to say that his original desire, and the one ambition that he never forswore, was the regeneration of society. This was his true vocation, the vocation that overrode all others, the God-given vocation that led him to become a priest and also to abandon the priesthood.

Linking of Spiritual with Temporal Authority

In 1816, when he was still a young man and the Bourbons had only just been restored, what could be more natural than that he should try to link the Pope with the King—spiritual authority with temporal authority? But he insisted that the King's ally must be the Pope and not merely the national Church. He had no time for the Gallicans who still occupied the main positions in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. The Gallicans were associated with much that was bad in the old regime: having formerly used the Church as tool in the execution of national policy, they still intended to exploit it as an organ of reaction. Lamennais had no doubt who was the senior partner in the alliance between Pope and King: he was the first clear-headed Ultramontane, the first to see that Napoleon had upset for ever the old balance of power in Europe.

It was natural, too, that when the Restoration Governments showed their reluctance to impose theocracy on France, Lamennais should abandon them without hesitation. The Royalists were of use only as artisans in the establishment of a Christian society: if they refused their role, their Royalism was a tedious luxury. But whom else could he look to? The Papacy was, he saw, not necessarily committed to the support of monarchy: in many ways the Papacy represented the natural opposition to the national autocrat. Henry VIII had broken with the Pope. Louis XIV had attacked the Pope and insulted him. Napoleon, failing to subdue the spirit of Pius VII, had kidnapped him and thrown him into prison. There was, then, a germ of liberalism in the very existence of the Pope: his independence implied a qualified denial of autocracy.

Lamennais knew that Consalvi had shown strong liberal inclinations. He remembered that when Pius VII was released from prison, the 'people' of France and Italy had acclaimed him. He saw that the 'people' had no stake in concordats that handed over the control of the Church to a ruling clique. About 1828, with one of those sudden intuitions that marked his career, he realised that the hopes of the future did not lie with Royalism. His slogan—'if you are afraid of liberalism, then catholicise it'—was entirely in keeping with his social purpose, and the 1830 revolution found him ready. Pope and King was an outworn formula; he now suggested Pope and People. For the people, in a sense, *were* society; the Pope must appeal to them direct, without intermediary, but this could happen only in an atmosphere of freedom. Authority, oppression, controls were all so many barriers between the people and the Christian message; and in the columns of *L'Avenir* Lamennais therefore preached freedom in every domain—freedom of the press, freedom of education, freedom of association, and freedom of the Church, which implied its separation from the State.

This was, in fact, the peak of his career. He never wrote with more vigour, talent, and insight. But he was battering at a closed door. His teaching of toleration was sharply at variance with the traditional doctrines of Rome, and his enemies hastened to denounce him. The inevitable machinery went to work. Delation was followed by condemnation, and condemnation was followed by submission. Lamennais promised that his paper would not appear again. But he was not submissive by nature; the old indiscipline stirred within him; he was beset by insidious temptations. 'Suppose', he muttered to a friend one sunny day as they were climbing a hill in Germany, 'suppose we add to our declaration of submission the words "for the time being" . . .' Pressed and harried on all sides, he gave way, but his signature had little meaning. 'I signed all right', he said later. 'Of course I signed. I'd have signed a statement that the moon had come down in China'.

On his return to Paris he took a house with the great orator, Lacordaire, a penitent and chastened disciple. Sainte-Beuve, visiting the house, found Lacordaire on the first floor humbly outlining his disappointments, while downstairs Lamennais was enlarging on the sins and follies of Rome and speaking of the Pope as 'one of those men who are fated to provoke sudden and desperate remedies'. 'I concluded', says Sainte-Beuve, 'that there was no great accord between the ground floor and the first'.

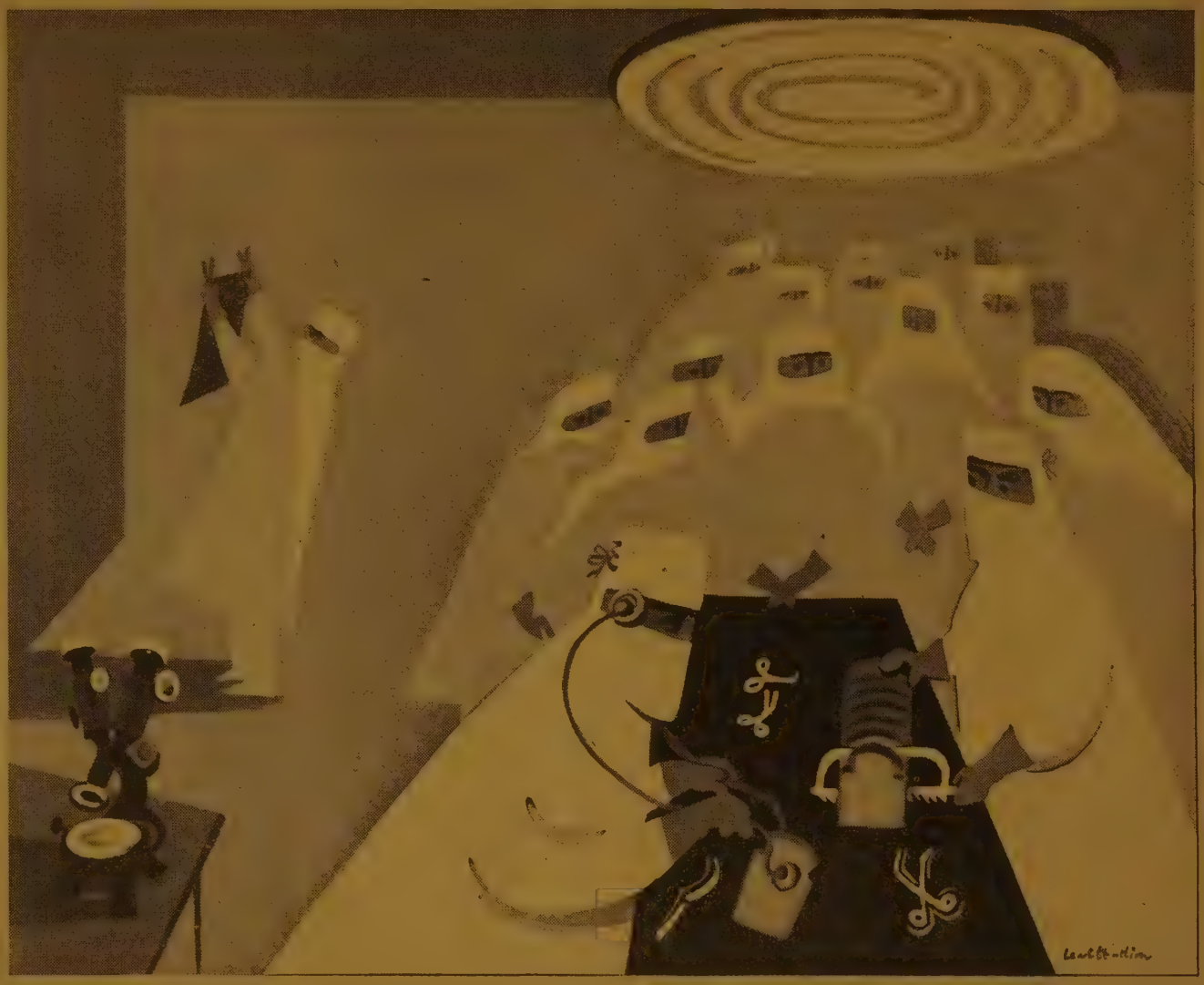
The break was bound to come. Lamennais saw clearly enough that the Church was the natural champion of the people against any kind of spiritual tyranny; he saw that the Pope, though not committed to any form of government, was eternally committed to the moral and religious welfare of his flock. But did it follow from this that the Pope had no choice but to adopt a programme of thorough-going political liberalism? Lamennais thought it did. Trying as desperately as the Gallican Royalists to tie the Pope to an exclusive political credo, he identified the cause of the Pope with the cause of his own party. It was an excessive, fatal pretension, which invited disaster. The Pope could never become a party boss. But Lamennais still felt the tug of his vocation, he was still drawn on to achieve the spiritual regeneration of society. Hitherto he had regarded the Pope as the figurehead of Christianity. But perhaps the Pope was wrong. Lamennais brooding on his reverses, condemned to silence; meditating on the needs of society; calling the Pope a 'cowardly old imbecile'; stiffening into an attitude of defiance—yes, surely the Pope *must* be wrong, surely Lamennais *must* go forward. After months of hesitation he gave the world his *Paroles d'un croyant*, and the break was complete. The Pope was, in fact, one of those awkward exceptions, one of those stubborn realities he had never learnt to deal with.

His career, then, is all of a piece. The last phase, in which he becomes an ardent advocate of social reform, enables us to understand the beginning; but it is just as much a fulfilment of his appointed vocation as those first years in which he stood out as the foremost champion of papal authority. If there is pathos, and even tragedy, in Lamennais' life, the pathos lies not so much in his ambition as in the continual frustration to which it was exposed; it lies in the ceaseless buffetings of personality by circumstances and events. As a social theorist he was no more successful than as a theologian. It is true that he originated several cogent arguments: he asserted that Christianity taught the equality of all men before God, and, developing this principle on a political level, he advocated popular sovereignty through universal suffrage—the soul being, as it were, a qualification for the vote. But his triumph after the February Revolution was short-lived; his draft constitution was rejected, his journal was suppressed, and he himself was forced into obscurity.

Character and Originality

It is possible, then, to discover a dominant idea that threads its way all through Lamennais' career; it is even possible, by going back to his childhood and sketching his character, to suggest some reasons why he should have met with repeated frustration. But there are some things that cannot be explained. All the events and ideas that are capable of explanation are, in a sense, secondary and derivative. If we return to Lamennais himself, to the primary datum, to the man with insight and intuition, we face not so much a problem as a fact. Lamennais himself cannot be explained away. Considered soberly, he still retains all his character and originality. Each phase of his career started a movement of historical importance. As an Ultramontane he gave leadership and expression to the theological school that was to gain its final and resounding triumph at the Vatican Council in 1870. As the editor of *L'Avenir* he not only predicted the separation of Church and State in France but he foreshadowed the political reconciliation between the Church and the modern world, which was to be the main aim of the pontificate of Pius XI. As a social reformer he stimulated the growth of Christian Socialism, and though himself not a socialist, he not only influenced Marx's diagnosis of the proletarian condition but was a distant forerunner of the British Labour Party. In almost every sphere his intervention was decisive.

Curiously, though, the precise and peculiar nature of his vocation made him unacceptable to each group of his followers. The Gallicans could not follow him when he turned to Rome; the Royalists could not follow him when he turned to liberalism; the Ultramontanes could not follow him when he rejected the Pope; even the Republicans drifted away after the fiasco of 1848. The leader of so many movements was left with no one to lead. In the end, there was just Lamennais, a fierce and impetuous old man in an old coat, blue stockings, and hob-nailed shoes, who translated Dante and brooded continuously on the regeneration of society.—*Third Programme*



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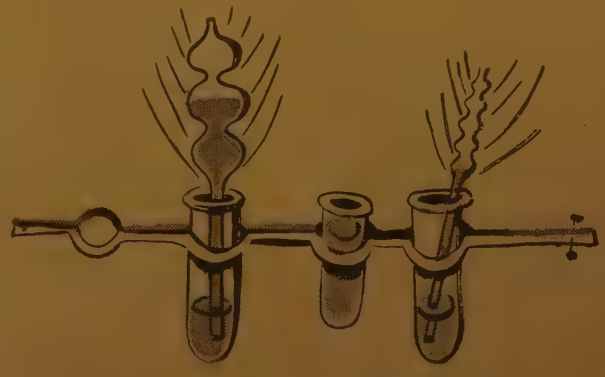

** Or, as we prefer to call it in Basic Schweppshish, "stuff in me put". ("Bread" belongs to our cumbersome older vocabulary, now reduced to 17 words, all tremendously short.)*

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Selected Letters of Gustave Flaubert Edited by Francis Steegmuller. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

THE PUBLISHERS SAY that this is 'the first comprehensive selection' of Flaubert's letters 'to appear in adequate English translation'. What of the selection edited by Mr. Richard Rumbold and translated by Mr. J. M. Cohen, which was published in London in 1950? Perhaps Mr. Steegmuller's publishers consider that selection, running, as it does, to only 248 pages compared with 252 pages of smaller type in the present book, not 'comprehensive'? If so, the distinction is a fine one, since neither book contains as much as an eighth of the original. Or perhaps the emphasis should be on the word 'adequate'? In this case, the statement is only too true. Mr. Cohen's translation is something more than adequate. Mr. Steegmuller's is not. The word is a gift to his reviewer: how better describe a translation which renders *cadavre* 'cadaver', *tisane* 'tisane', *idée fixe* 'fixed idea', and *Mon cher ami* (at the beginning of a letter) by the quaint, Quakerly 'Dear Friend'?

And yet even in merely adequate translation, Flaubert's letters are a marvel to read. Indeed there is a lot to be said for the belief that the letters of Flaubert, like those of D. H. Lawrence, are better than the novels. Flaubert wrote his letters informally and even hurriedly, without polishing his sentences or searching, as he did in his professional writing, for Truth through Beauty. He simply wrote down his thoughts as they came into his head, and, taken together, his correspondence constitutes an autobiography far more revealing than any book he might have consciously composed in that form.

Many of his published letters were written from Croisset, his home near Rouen. Flaubert's life there was outwardly tranquil. He rose late in the morning and did little before luncheon except read his post and the papers. In the afternoon he might give lessons to his little niece Caroline, and in the evenings, when it was fine, he liked to sit with his mother in their summer house, watching the Seine flow by. Between nine and ten, he retired to his room to work until three or four in the morning. It was at this late hour, when he was both stimulated and fatigued by his literary labours, that Flaubert chose to write to his friends.

Some of the letters were addressed to celebrities, including Zola, Baudelaire, Turgenev, and George Sand. The more interesting are those addressed to less eminent but closer acquaintances, such as Louis Bouilhet, Maxime du Camp, Alfred le Poittevin, Louise Colet, and Mademoiselle Leroyer de Chantepie. In Mr. Steegmuller's selection those to Louise Colet, Flaubert's ill-used mistress, figure most prominently; as no doubt they should. Naturally she received all Flaubert's thoughts on love, and the reader can discern his progression from romantic young manhood to pessimistic maturity. Moreover Louise Colet being herself a writer of sorts received many of his most interesting reflections on the art and calling of literature. 'Nothing great is ever done without fanaticism', he told her, and eventually the fanaticism of his own devotion to art proved (with other things) inimical to his happiness with her. He revealed to her his own self-discoveries: how he aspired to be a writer of epic, but found that he could write only analytically: 'my type of observation', he realised with considerable surprise, 'is predominantly moral'. He wrote very frankly to her: 'I like prostitution: my only complaint is that it no longer exists; the kept woman has invaded the field of debauchery, just as the journalist has invaded poetry'.

But it is obvious that Flaubert never revealed the whole of himself to Louise Colet. His humanity was often hidden from her, and on the occasion when she was brutally removed from his house, she may well have concluded that he had no humanity. This side of his nature emerges more clearly in his letters to Mademoiselle Leroyer de Chantepie, another minor writer, a religious *tourmentée*, and a 'fan': not the kind of person one might expect to have drawn the best from Flaubert. In fact, his wise and compassionate letters to her show us better than any others what Flaubert had learned from life besides bitterness and sorrow. It is a pity that of all these letters to Mademoiselle Leroyer de Chantepie, Mr. Steegmuller's 'comprehensive' selection should include only one.

Report on the Atom. By Gordon Dean. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.

This book is of especial interest because its author has been until recently the holder of one of the highest executive positions in the world of atomic energy—Chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. It is reasonable to expect that his statements are not only authoritative but indicative of the general lines of U.S. policy in the field of atomic energy. On the whole the contents of the book are reassuring—not only does Mr. Dean show that he has mastered a remarkable amount of basic knowledge of the scientific background of atomic energy, but he also reveals a humanistic attitude to the very difficult political and social problems associated with the vast new developments initiated by the Commission. To an atomic scientist it is interesting to compare Mr. Dean's outlook with that expressed by American scientists in the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists—they are astonishingly similar. Mr. Dean appreciates, to a degree unusual in a layman, the conditions necessary for the effective carrying out of scientific research work and even understands the relation and distinction between pure and applied science. It is too much to expect that any startling new suggestions should be made in the book as to how the menace of atomic war can be removed, but one gains the impression that the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission is at least being very rational and cool-headed about it all.

Another feature of the book which is gratifying is the enthusiasm of the author for the great new advantages which the peaceful development of atomic energy can provide. There is no doubt at all that these potentialities are vast indeed—what we already know as possible applications are probably far less important than the ones which will develop in the course of time.

The book is probably unique in the variety of aspect of atomic energy which it covers—the chapter headings are: The American approach to the atom; Uranium is where you find it; The production line: On to bombs; The expanding programme; The headaches; The pay-off: Weapons; The military and the atom; Power: The peaceful goal—first phase; Power: The peaceful goal—second phase; Radioisotopes: Servants of man; The quest for knowledge; Secrecy, security, and spies; The international atom; Behind the Iron Curtain; The way ahead.

The author is a lawyer by profession and the account he gives of technical methods and problems is accurate. He is always scrupulously fair in assigning credit for discoveries and developments to different countries. All those who wish to have an up-to-date authoritative survey of the present situation should read this book.

The Temper of Western Europe By Crane Brinton. Oxford. 20s.
Russia and the Weimar Republic By Lionel Kochan. Bowes and Bowes. 25s.

In *The Temper of Western Europe*, an eminent American historian takes issue with the 'prophets of doom', notably those intellectuals who cannot write of western Europe except in the metaphors of old age, impotence, and decay. Mr. Brinton is an acute and learned observer, a writer of style and charm, and a wit. After a gently satirical exposition of the attitudes of the Jeremiahs, prominent among them Messrs. William Shirer and Arthur Koestler, he warns that 'we must not yield to the Hegel that lurks within us all and try to get at the truth by asserting the exact opposite of these gloomy views', and blandly decries the excessive use of paradox. Yet, in a series of artful asides, he proves that he himself is a master of the technique, and, in 100 pages of simple and unpretentious argument, leaves us with the impression that something very like the opposite represents a passable approximation to the true state of the case. We put down the book with the feeling that we have just emerged, appropriately stimulated, from an unusually long shower of commonsense.

The author examines briefly most of the stock generalisations that pretend to illustrate and explain the decay of Europe. Its soil is exhausted, its culture is old and weary, its political systems are outworn, its technical equipment is antiquated, it is drifting towards socialism, it has lost its powers of initiative. Well, then! Exhaustion of the soil? It is true that coal is more difficult to win than it was, and that Europe has little oil or uranium. But surely it is only hidebound conservatives who regard oil and uranium as indispensable to progress, for they are the power sources of the present, not of the future. We forget uranium substitutes and the French sun-power plant at Mont Louis. Old age? Paris, of course, is an old city in the sense that civilised people have lived there a long time. Yet many of the 'age-old streets' were built by Baron Hausmann, who died about sixty years ago, and 'the overwhelming majority of the artifacts—the streets, sidewalks, buildings, sewers, lights, public utilities, parks—are no older than such artifacts in our American cities'. Outworn political systems? The oldest political system in the western world is probably that of the United States; it is certainly older than the semi-socialist system of Great Britain. If we take the opposite line and sneer at France's *Fourth* Republic as an example of political instability, we are taking nomenclature for substance. It is arguable that the United States is in the throes of its '*Fifth* Republic', the intervening revolutions being associated with the names of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and Franklin Roosevelt. And, as regards Europe's annoying state of disunion, the Schuman Plan, Nato, the Council of Europe, etc., are phenomena at least as impressive as the failure to effect total integration practically overnight. Socialism? France is more capitalist than

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America, and Germany scarcely less so. All the Western Powers, including the United States, are neither capitalist nor socialist, but mixed. In any case, it is the spirit rather than the form that matters. 'I have recently been involved' confides the author, 'in a relation, perhaps even a quarrel, with an enormous department store, a relation which started with the mere mis-spelling of my name in their accounts. Before I got through, all the smear words of the capitalist attack on socialism—red tape, bureaucracy, irresponsibility, impersonal hugeness, general snafu—rose to my mind, and were not always successfully suppressed'. And in a neat paragraph on the Samuel Smiles career of Mr. Butlin, he remarks that 'these halls of regimented pleasure are no product of Government planning'.

Mr. Brinton's essay is so thought-provoking that comment could be prolonged indefinitely; the above is but a meagre indication of its range and method. It must not be thought that the author is an uncritical admirer of western Europe. He is well aware of the problems that confront us, and of the importance of wasting no time in their solution. But he is equally impressed by the mental, moral, and material strength of Europe and Europeans, and he thinks that we have a better than even chance of passing the test. 'I would not question', he says, 'Mr. T. S. Eliot's high place in the line of prophets and witnesses that begins with Plato. Perhaps the world will end, as he says in lines now safely in the anthologies, "not with a bang but a whimper". To me at least it looks as if contemporary Europe were indulging in many more bangs than whimpers—making, in fact, so much noise that one is reminded rather of a nursery than of a death ward'.

If Brinton's essay represents the historian on holiday, shaking his head free of detail and ranging uninhibitedly over major problems of contemporary society, Mr. Kochan's *Russia and the Weimar Republic* represents the historian back at his desk. This is not to say that his book is heavy-going, muffled in the dust of archives; only that its readership is likely to be limited to those interested in the subject and period under review. To such students, the book may be recommended with confidence. The continuity of the narrative is adroitly maintained throughout the rapid shifts that marked early German-Soviet relations, with the Germans playing on the mutual fears of east and west, and the Russians trying to synthesise the contradictory policies of world revolution and co-existence with capitalist countries. Much of the book's interest lies in the author's skilful interpretation of material from Soviet sources.

Queen Victoria's Relations
By Meriel Buchanan. Cassell. 18s.

There are perhaps few more moving spectacles than that of royalty pitchforked out of its natural setting into the harsh realities of a revolutionary age. Readers of Horace Walpole may recall that, in later life, nothing distressed him so much as contemplating the fallen fortunes of Marie Antoinette, and it was in this connection that he addressed his famous letter to Hannah More 'thou excellent woman! thou reverse of that hyena in petticoats, Mrs. Wolstoncroft, who to this day discharges her ink and gall on Marie Antoinette'. Equally sad are the efforts of royal persons to maintain the brightness of their gay youth, and readers of Mr. Beverley Nichols' autobiography, *All I Could Never Be*, may recall his not unmoving account of Queen Marie of Rumania who wished to spend a day in her garden instead of attending a public function, and explained to her Chamberlain 'I have a rendezvous with a rose'.

Miss Meriel Buchanan, the only child of the last British Ambassador in Imperial Russia, writes of those topics without sentimentality and without the violence of a Walpole. Her book deals with eight descendants of Queen Victoria and with two cousins—King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the wife of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. Two of her subjects—the Grand Duchess Serge and the Grand Duchess Olga—were to be murdered by the Bolsheviks and over all whom she describes in this book hangs the atmosphere of tragedy—perhaps ushered in for all mankind in August 1914 but falling in especial vehemence on those royal personages.

Possibly the cleverest of all and the best able to withstand the buffets of fate was King Ferdinand who had a full share of the Coburg brains reinforced with all the astuteness of his grandfather, Louis Philippe. 'He is totally unfit, delicate and effeminate' was Queen Victoria's comment on hearing that he had been offered the throne of Bulgaria. A writer of memoirs tells us that he slept 'in pink surah nightgowns trimmed with Valenciennes lace'. Yet Ferdinand held his troubled Balkan throne, and his dynasty was the only one among the defeated Central Powers to survive 1918. In retirement he lived in Coburg, making extensive botanising trips on which subject, together with birds and butterflies, he was a pre-eminent authority. One of those expeditions brought him to Lake Victoria, and even in old age still something of a *poseur* he stood by the water's edge and pinned a star on his coat. He explained to his guide that this had been given to him by Queen Victoria, adding 'She was a woman for whom I had the most unbounded respect and admiration, and here, on the shores of the lake that bears her name, I wear the Order in memory of her greatness'. Certainly in this collection of amusing and agreeable studies of the Queen's family will be found plenty of material to enhance her reputation as a severe but always understanding matriarch.

What the World Showed Me
By Per Høst. Methuen. 18s.

The remote Indian tribes of South America have no reputation for living a primitive idyll; one thinks of them stalking the forests with blowpipes or boiling down their enemies' heads. While Mr. Per Høst was working as a zoologist near Panama City he was told of two Indian tribes, the Cunas and the Chocos, living in the southern jungle of the isthmus. They were reputed to be dangerous and unwelcoming to whites, but Mr. Høst went to them alone and discovered what must be one of the last pockets in the world where the 'noble savage' of Locke's and Rousseau's imagination still exists. Like the Lacandones of southern Mexico they are a people whose seignorial bearing covers a sense of humour and true friendliness. There is no puritanism in them yet their moral standards are in every way extraordinarily high—except among those who have been taught the Christian doctrine of the forgiveness of sin.

Mr. Høst took with him a tape recorder and made recordings of conversations, through an interpreter, with many tribal dignitaries. He was thus able to make literal translations of their speech which enable us—in a way which is rare in anthropological books—to sense the true quality of their minds. And they reveal a remarkable degree of wisdom and natural sophistication. An old chief said one day, 'Ibeorgun (God) has said that one day all the nations will live peaceably together. But it will surely be a long time yet. If my people are to survive, we must be poor. We had best be so poor as to have nothing anyone can grudge us. Then perhaps we shall be left in peace'.

They are not being left in peace. During the last two years the Panama government has given Negroes and whites permission to take what they want of the territory of the Chocos, who are being driven to remoter and remoter valleys in order to continue their traditional life. Mr. Høst's last chapter, in which he describes his last visit to the Chocos, is full of sadness and lament that these people who had showed him so much kindness are now ravaged by 'white' diseases against which they have no immunity and are showing signs of deliquescence. It is a chapter which must rouse the fury of his readers.

The Panama section is by far the best, but it occupies less than half of the book. The rest is devoted to an account of sealing in Arctic waters and an expedition to the Everglades of Florida. It is a pity the whole book could not have been about Panama. It is illustrated with many magnificent photographs in black and white and in colour.

Feathered Wings. By Anthony Jack. Methuen. 15s.
Sold for a Farthing. By Clare Kipps. Muller. 5s.
Laggard. By R. Stevens. Faber. 15s.
Leopard of the Hills
By James Temple. Bell. 12s. 6d.
A Dog at All Things
By Agnes Lauchlan. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Feathered Wings is an excellent discussion of aerodynamics and bird flight by an ornithologist who learnt to fly aeroplanes during the war; it is chiefly for bird lovers who know nothing about flying, but should be equally interesting to flying men who know little about birds. The physics of flight and the theory of the aerofoil are explained simply and clearly, and the flight of many different kinds of birds is considered individually. The author has watched birds in flight in many parts of the world and illuminates his close observations on them with his practical knowledge of flight in aeroplanes. All bird watchers should read this book which will introduce them to an aspect of their hobby that is unknown to the majority of them; it also shows lines of enquiry that may lead to real additions to scientific ornithology. The book is well illustrated with numerous drawings and some excellent photographs.

Sold for a Farthing is the story not of a pet but of an intimate friendship extending over many years between a human being and a bird. One day early in the war Mrs. Kipps, an A.R.P. Warden, on returning from duty at the Warden's Post found a newly hatched sparrow, naked, goggle-eyed, and apparently lifeless on her doorstep where it had fallen from its nest. She rescued it and nursed some life into it, and the next morning, far from being dead as she expected, it was piping for food. For the next twelve years, seven weeks, and three days he was her constant companion until he died of extreme old age. Mrs. Kipps has written a most charming biography of her friend, and her careful records of his life and ways is of the greatest interest to students of animal behaviour. Her book is well written and, though full of sentiment, never degenerates into sentimentality. 'I do not approve of a slavish devotion to animals though I infinitely prefer it to cruelty . . . I agree that "animals should be kept in their place", but has not man, to a great extent, forgotten what that place should be. . . . When fear has once been cast out, an animal becomes responsive to affection. . . . My sparrow sang because I played (the piano) and because he knew I loved him'.

Ronald Stevens' *Laggard* is a leisurely account of life in the country as he chooses to live it in a wild and remote district of England. The author is an acute observer of men as well as of

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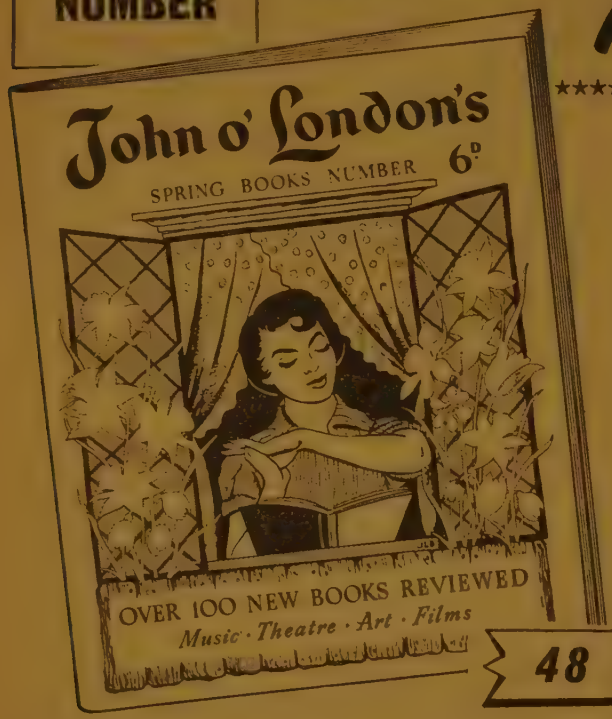

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animals and birds, and he writes with quiet charm and understanding of the things that interest him—practically everything. Some of his most interesting chapters are devoted to falconry, a sport in which he is an expert, and to an account of a holiday in Iceland whence he was unsuccessful in bringing back a Gyrfalcon. His writing brings the unhurried life of the country as vividly before the reader as the best of Richard Jefferies.

In *Leopard of the Hills* James Temple tells the life story of a north Indian leopard from its infancy in a remote cave to its death in a tea-garden after it has turned man-eater. The narrative is frankly anthropomorphic—the leopard 'thinks' like a human being—but the author, who has spent many years tea-planting in the eastern Himalayan foothills, gives an interesting and accurate account of the country and its wild inhabitants. The book is embellished with beautiful drawings by Maurice Wilson.

A Dog at All Things is a well-arranged anthology of skilfully chosen passages, both prose and verse, about dogs. It will delight not only dog lovers but also those to whom a dog is no more than an insanitary nuisance. Everything is here, from Launce's 'Crab' and the gentlewoman's farthingale, to O. Henry's 'Yellow Dog' and Chesterton's 'Quoodle'.

New Novels

Fahrenheit 451. By Ray Bradbury. Hart-Davis. 9s. 6d.
The Locusts Have No King. By Dawn Powell. W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.
Those in Peril. By Russell Braddon. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

PEOPLE do not believe lies any more. Belief is too positive; it implies work, the activity of participation. We are quite happy to sit back and watch. Documentaries, biographies, the bold path through jungle or sea—these we accept without effort: they are physical extensions of our experience, they might happen to us. It is all very comfortable—until those disturbers of the peace, the artists, come along with their impossible lies that slap us into activity. It is not that their stories cannot happen; they do happen, and to us. We are involved in the talking horse, the black dog that gallops us to the world's end, Tom Tit Tot—nothing but lies that sweep us over the edge into an imaginative extension of experience. It is all nonsense really, but there we are in the middle of it, busily discovering the truth about ourselves.

Similarity to known experience is no criterion of truth in fiction. It so happens that, of these three novels, the one that seems to me most true to life is the one that least resembles life as we know it. America of the remote future is the scene of *Fahrenheit 451*. We can assume that a novel set in the past or the present is an account of something that has happened, but of which we have never heard. But the writer who chooses the future does not have this advantage. He is making it all up, he must be. Ray Bradbury's short novel has all the ingredients of absurdity. Well, no, not all: nobody could get them all into one book, though many have tried. The title refers to the temperature at which book-paper burns. Guy Montag is a fireman, but in this machine-state of the future the business of the fire brigade is not to put fires out but to start them; their hoses spout kerosene, not water. Possession of books is a crime against happiness, so the fire brigade is alerted only to burn down houses where books are found. Perhaps that prospect is not so absurd. Neither is the fact that people are psychoanalysed if they walk alone in the woods and watch birds. But what are we to make of a mechanical hound, a contraption of wires and cells and steel, that can be tuned to hunt down any individual (everybody's 'wave-length' kept on file) and kill with poisoned fangs?

> Light flickered on bits of ruby glass and on sensitive capillary hairs in the nylon-brushed nostrils of the creature that quivered gently, gently, its eight legs spidered under it on rubber-padded paws

This may be tolerable to comic-strip addicts or Yale University (which recently presented 'The Tempest' set on another planet, with Antonio and Sebastian arriving by space ship), but can it satisfy serious readers of fiction? It can, provided the theme is handled by a writer as capable as Ray Bradbury. He gives his impossibilities such vital shape that spiritual truth overwhelms rational disbelief. Montag begins to think and, as everyone knows, this is disastrous. He steals a book; he begins to read; his treason is discovered and police and the mechanical hound pursue him across the city. This hunt will raise the strike, words per minute, of any reader who is not actually dead. I am afraid the book is so exciting that it stands little chance of being considered serious literature.

Ray Bradbury's style is something you will scarcely notice at the first reading. It is an organic expression of personality, pulsing—now fast, now slow—supple, incisive, so moulded into his tale that matter and manner are one and indistinguishable, a physical symbol, a structure of irrational truth. The symbol is valid because it compels us into itself. This is our experience as much as Montag's, not observed and accepted, forgotten as soon as the light dies in the screen, but suffered intimately, a tearing of old scars. So it ceases to be the terror of a particular man in the impossible future. This happens to us, today, in our eternal present.

The Locusts Have No King is also an American novel. The setting New York, the style *New Yorker* (hard, with soft centres), the time just after the second world war. The hero, Frederick Olliver, is a scholarly writer who earns his rent giving evening lectures at the League for Cultural Foundation:

> Four hours had seemed a small price to pay for a roof over his head with the rest of the week free for his own work, but after a while he had a desperate feeling that he was being bribed to distribute cancer. The only assuaging thought was that no one in his classes would have known the difference between cancer and culture anyway, and if they had had the hazards of achieving the latter explained to them would gladly have chosen the former.

When not lecturing to people 'anxious to get an idea of what it would be like to have an idea' Frederick makes love to Lyle Gaynor, a rich playwright unhappily married to a loathsome character, also a playwright, who usually has a play 'all ready to be put in rehearsal except for the routine business of writing it'. Frederick and Lyle quarrel over a misunderstanding and, being in love, stubbornly aggravate the tiff, which keeps them miserably apart for a year. During this time Frederick is tormented by physical infatuation with a brassy nitwit and makes a lot of money editing a magazine which sells the infallible combination of jokes, murder stories, and comic strips.

The book is full of tramps, male and female, rich and poor, detestable in life, a delight in fiction. All are smoothly given rough treatment by the author. Rough treatment? She tears them to pieces. But I must resist the temptation to quote. While reading the novel I made Wedding Guests of all my acquaintances. If you see someone reading it, keep away: you are going to be read to. But don't go before staking the next claim on the book. It is thoroughly entertaining. There are two excellent chapters in the Joyce manner about midnight drinkers in 'Rubberleg Square', so called because of the effect of alcohol on the knees of the tipplers who frequent it. I have a feeling Dawn Powell could have written these chapters just as expertly in the James manner, the Conrad manner, the Hemingway manner, the . . . What else do they study in 'Creative Fiction'? But she is such good company that we enjoy the book as it is. Her claws are out, and the red on her nails is not lacquer. Never a dull subordinate clause.

It is because the author is such good company that the book is an artistic failure. These ironical comments on people and life keep us in stitches but also keep us aware of the author as manipulator. With the subsidiary characters this does not matter so much: she only puts them up to scratch their eyes out. We are glad to have her around. But when she tenderly analyses the 'serious' entanglement of Frederick and Lyle we have had her around so long and so insistently that we cannot forget her. We are still hearing from our fluent friend Dawn Powell, not participating in an actual event. We admire the psychological truth of what she says, but it remains her truth, not ours. We are definitely, perhaps gladly, on the outside looking in, and we can accept it all joyfully without doing anything more strenuous than raising a glittering eye and shouting through to the kitchen: 'Here, listen to this bit!'

Russell Braddon is an Australian living in England whose first novel, *Those in Peril*, tells the story of Willie Knox, an orphan adopted by a Scottish widow. Impressionable, taciturn, deprived of family certainty, Willie finds his natural inclinations thwarted by society and degenerates into a West End wastrel, jostled into crime by worthless companions. This sounds like a documentary, but it is much more. Willie interests us because he is an individual, not a type; he stays with us because he seems typical. Compared with *The Locusts Have No King* the surface of this book looks rumpled, but there is a germinative warmth at the core which the other lacks. The author may have started with a thesis, but he forgets it in the excitement of imaginative discovery; he submerges, and we go under with him. Russell Braddon has an eye for the loving, living detail that fertilises a book; I enjoyed especially the episode where Willie plays the halls with Toscini's Boy Choristers, that angel-face bunch of perverts. And the ex-Sergeant-Major publican who befriends Willie is a joy—a caricature perfectly in character. The only time the author really stumbles is at the end, when he brings on two prison workers to point the moral. This unfortunate page jolts us out of imaginative participation, making objectively plain what is already subjectively felt. The moral may be true, but this sudden lecture from the stage reminds us that the story is a lie, when the lie could have been trusted to reveal the truth, since this, like all good fiction, is a lie that can be believed.

IDRIS PARRY

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

After Eighteen Years

IN VISUAL TERMS television has not vastly improved since it started as a service eighteen years ago. That is the dominant impression I had from the sprawling, now and then embarrassing, always interesting retrospective programme from Alexander Palace. Pictures were frequently as good then as they are now. Lighting was at least no worse (and how irritating it often is still). Except for the women's long hair styles, we might have been seeing extracts from newsreels of a few months, not years, ago. As an advertisement for B.B.C. television the programme was no more relevant last week than it would have been last year. It was much ado about nothing that immensely mattered.

The Rev. Billy Graham, the American evangelist, in the 'Epilogue' on March 21

The best personal performances of the evening came from Berkeley Smith, interviewing the technical experts, and from Cecil Madden, speaking to us about the early programmes. As for the party which afterwards filled our screens spiritlessly and far too long, it was like some grotesque hangover, inane, cheap, and even vulgar; lamentable viewing. My hand stretched forward several times to switch it off. Only another's more generous patience restrained me.

We are entering the era of telepolitics. Transport House says that the Labour Party intends to 'lead in this field'. It got off to a poor start with its party political broadcast film, 'Meet the Labour Party', televised last week. It was ineffectual propaganda not because it dealt in *clichés* but because, in a commendable bid for conciseness, it merely flicked our sensibilities. As film, it was technically uninspired.

We were invited to fall in behind a painstakingly 'ordinary' candidate for conversion as he went about calling on Labour Party members to ask them why he should join. There was an amusing unanimity of readiness to bid him goodbye: 'You know the way out?' The housewife, the farmer, and the miner spoke up well. Someone had decided that the nursing sister's excruciating Sloane Street vowels would give tone to the appeal. I doubted that. It also seemed to me an error of judgment to let the miner play on the old Rhondda Valley feelings. Bitterness is a base emotion, however noble the cause it supports.

The Liberal Party's televised programme was in all ways superior, starting with the advantage of being 'live' and therefore a greater compliment to us than film. It owed much of its strength to the sympathetic personality and carefully wrought opinions of Sir Andrew McFadyean. The undergraduate speaker from Cambridge, ex-elementary school, apparently wished us to believe that the universities are teeming with young Liberals, a point on which there are legitimate doubts. The programme may be counted a success of its kind. Undoubtedly it demonstrated that prefabricated politics, presented on film, do not make first-rate television. Tonight it is the turn of the Conservative Party. The chief effect of these programmes on me so far is to make me more tolerant of 'In the News'.

'Putting Ideas to Work' can hardly have been devised primarily as a tory attempt to offset the television reputation of Mayhew and Crawley, the socialists. As an exponent of a sustained theme, Orr-Ewing may not be of their calibre. He did not do badly in his opening programme. I am left with the feeling that he will do much better. His subject is of the first importance, our slowness in exploiting the inventiveness at which we are notably not so slow, and its effect on the national future. Sad that in my viewing circle the importance was not conceded; the female yawnings were more ruthlessly critical than I have ever dared to be. I record the fact with forebodings.

There were no yawnings during the auction room programme in the short series called 'Behind These Doors'. That was not only on account of the subject, beguiling to most of us, but because of the firm assurance with which the programme was written and put on. It had the connoisseur touch, rare as yet in television production. Two evenings previously we had seen the 'roving eye' again, three times. It had nothing to show us half as interesting as this.

In 'Panorama' we saw General Sir Brian Horrocks, looking every inch an admiral, Douglas Bader being interviewed by Sir Philip Joubert, and Lionel Hale chatting diligently with Dorothy Tutin and John van Druten, in what for those of us who have not seen a certain play seemed largely to be a private conversation. The same programme also had the Royal Society of Arts as a subject, with Gordon Russell fluently but tonelessly discoursing on its honourable proceedings of the last 200 years. Andrew Miller Jones, producer of 'Panorama', wrestles manfully with his problem of creating a television magazine.

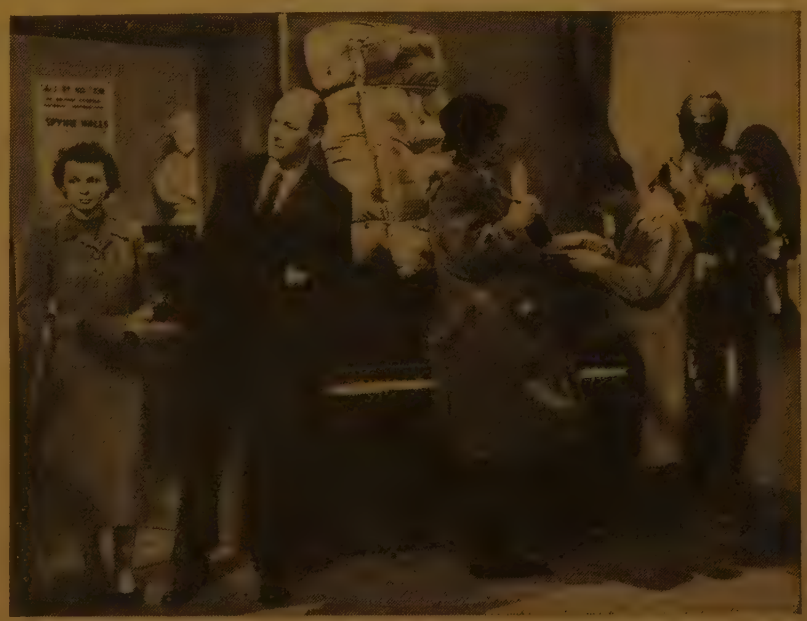
On Sunday night, for epilogue, there was the American evangelist, Billy Graham. No ranter, he used his time with wholesome sincerity and neat dispatch.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Stolen Minutes

FOR THE INCUMBENT of this column television criticism last week was strenuous. Having hailed the programme 'Thank you, Ally Pally' with personal tucket last week, I felt obliged to watch the thing when it happened on Friday. I was still watching it on Saturday! It was after midnight before that party, the last word from the Pally and the last word in the matey, had gratefully faded. Some of the fun there was my business. such as the spontaneous gagging of Arthur Askey, a real comedian easily distinguished in such circumstances as these from the *ersatz* comedians so often foisted on us. Some of the fun was unintentional. Gorgeous for instance to be announced to that we were going to see Mr. This (who appeared) followed by Mr. That (who did not) followed by Mr. The Other—whereat one of our leading lady novelists suddenly made her bow! But parties will be parties.



'Behind These Doors—2. Sale Room' on March 17, with (left to right) Margaret Anderson as Helen, John Welsh as Glover, Michael Mulcaster as Boyle, and Harold Goodwin as Harry

The first part of the programme, compact of every striking snippet of the last decade, was fun to watch, though here again I doubt if it were wise to tip off the audience in advance: *i.e.*, to say 'Mr. Ustinov convulsed millions with this funny story'. 'Journey's End' went very well. The play has

now dated, as all fabulously successful plays date when they become the victims of copyists. But even as an extract, it still had power to move. The plum-and-apple humour may have lost its taste. But bravery, cowardice, and hanging about before a forlorn hope of an offensive—these are still painfully part of current experience. Sherriff's play touches on them with a certain unsentimental veracity true to a certain national way of thought. The production was good and people like Andrew Osborn, Terence Longdon, Bryan Forbes, and Geoffrey Keen played with an assurance which suggested either copious rehearsal or years of familiarity with the play under every condition of 'Rep'.

Earlier on—for Monday nights the habit seems to be hardening—we had another extract from an evergreen 'Rep' piece, 'Yellow Sands'. This Devonian delight came to us by way of Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham, and some of the accents to my ear sounded like those you can hear in a local performance of 'Juno and the Paycock' in East Anglia. I don't think this matters in the least: one accepts a 'stage rustic' accent, basic Mummerset, as one accepts wigs, also much in evidence here. I do not mean it was slack, or dull. The audience seemed to be loving it and the cameras plying between one chair and the next, a distance so it looked like a short walk from the lending library to the chemist's, did their best—with only too much success—to reveal the play's subtleties to us stay-at-homes. Nancie Jackson and Jack May were to the fore in a good team. This game of giving us, with introduction by some 'Mr. Celebrity', as they will say in 'What's My Line?', a snip from a current 'show', as they will call plays nowadays, is one which a critic must applaud in this column. Otherwise there might really be nothing left to write about.

Thus, what really is to be said about the play 'Stolen Waters' on Sunday? To apply full-strength criticism seems rather like washing up the tea things in quicklime. The fact that it was not going to be repeated—'Carmen' brings a breath of *verismo* to the screen this Thursday instead—meant that it was regarded as a bad risk. Actually, by being a problem play which was not a problem play it fitted in quite nicely to an evening which began with 'What's My Line?' and ended with an evangelist, approached by way of this play, a lady violinist who gave us Gounod's 'Ave Maria', and a bass-baritone described as America's Beloved Gospel Singer. 'Stolen Waters' started, as so many television plays start, in one of those cardboard gardens, on to which the fiercely chirping birds of the effects department and the French windows of drawing-room comedy are presently loosed. Lord someone or other is pottering about and is mistaken for the gardener by an eccentric visitor (character actress in bonnet with brogue). This was 'Mrs. Schultz' who had arrived to inform her son, masquerading as Mr. Scott, a hard-up gentile estate agent, that if he would resume his Jewish name he would receive a large legacy from his father. Bombshell! The Scott family, gentile to their backbones—or so they thought—don't relish the idea. Mrs. Scott promptly moves her hairbrushes into another bedroom and develops gooseflesh when her husband touches her. But the person who was most upset is Elsa the implacably 'Aryan', German maid, who was having an affair, as she thought a strictly Girl-meets-Goy affair, with the son of the house. There's the servant problem in a new light!

In the end the family learnt to swallow its nascent anti-semitism and it seemed as if Dad would not after all be kicked out of the local fishing club.

Plays deprecating silly anti-semitism are not to be sneezed at. But they are more interesting when they are about people less magaziney than these. Eileen Peel, who looks like a lady and like an intelligent one, too, was wasted on the part of wife. Henry Kendall, Arthur Wontner, Christie Humphrey, and Helen Misener worked hard in this mild sermon for toleration.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

'Stolen Waters' on March 21, with (left to right) Christie Humphrey as Elsa, Henry Kendall as Charles Scott, Eileen Peel as Eleanor Scott, and Arthur Wontner as Lord Quinton

As seen by the viewer: two shots of Gigli in 'Music for You' on March 16
John Cura

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

The World Goes Round

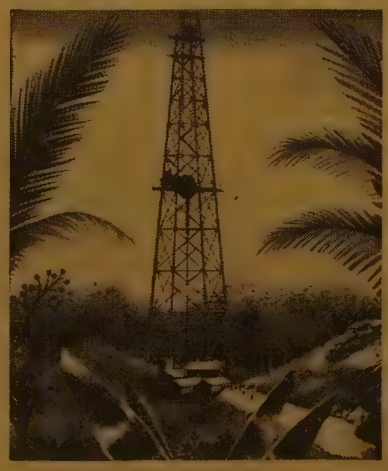
'WHY WENTEST THOU about the bush with me?' said someone, alarmingly, in the Spanish classic, 'Celestina'. Spanish plays have a habit of going about the bush. They could say it all in half the time; but their writers, often fantastically prolific (in Spain theatrical historians must toil to keep in step), can be merciless in twisting and re-twisting a single strand of plot. Lope de Vega's 'The Dog in the Manger' (Third) was the happier of last week's plays. Although Lope—who sailed against England in the Armada—has not conquered our stage, this is a comedy (Neapolitan in setting, Spanish in feeling) that could be seen as well as heard. As usual, love is making the world go round.

Here it is a vastly snobbish business. Diana, a capricious Countess, finds that she can afford to love her secretary when he is claimed as the son of a Count. His denial to her does not matter; if the world believes the story, then that is enough. The woman always gets what she wants; what she deserves is a sharp spanking. Patricia Jessel could explore Diana's moods; and, as the secretary's resourceful lackey—who, socially, must have been less than the dust—Max Adrian pricked every scene to life. Lope has been kind to the old Count who thinks that his son has returned; apparently the old man will not be disillusioned. We were glad of it, for Abraham Sofaer, with a voice like old velvet, expressed his joy movingly.

'Celestina', by Fernando de Rojas, a cross between a novel-in-dialogue and a play, dates from the very tail of the fifteenth century. It came to us (Third) in a Jacobean translation. Peter Duval Smith had cut it drastically; even so, it sprawled on the air. Calisto, bent upon the haughty Melibea, seeks the aid of Celestina, a bawd. One would not have thought of Flora Robson for the vastly energetic go-between; at moments I felt that this fine actress was standing by her part, regarding it with some dismay. But she pressed on gallantly; and the rest of the cast—with Daphne Anderson cheerfully rancorous—aided us to reach a tragic end I could not take too seriously. 'He is as dead as a door-nail' observes Melibea, peering from her window at Calisto, 'There is no more life in him'. I would not say this of the play. It can

Scene from 'Journey's End' in the programme 'Thank You, Ally Pally' on March 19, with Bryan Forbes as Lieutenant Hibbert and Terence Longdon as Captain Stanhope

Amphibious Operations



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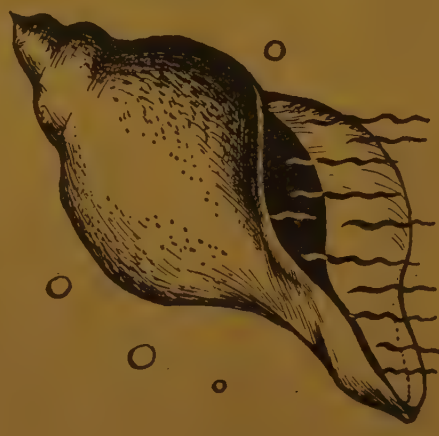

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come through in full volume; but it is subject to patches of 'fading'. Ninety minutes would have been more than enough for it. Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies!

'Dear Brutus' (Light) can be good radio. Lob's Wood is something for each one of us to imagine. Barrie's fantasy is not in fashion, yet it can fix us still. We might have said that, given a second chance, we should refuse to accept the play; now that we have had the second chance, we continue to wonder at the craft of the exposition in Lob's house, and later to feel the loss of the dream-daughter in the midsummer wood. 'What really plays the dickens with us', says a character, 'is something in ourselves'. True, we remain faithful to Barrie, lob of dramatists. Leo Genn had the voice for Dearth; he slipped across such an obstacle as 'Crack o' my eye, Tommy!', and he took our hearts at the end. I admired the fading of the second act (in Val Gielgud's production): Margaret, acted by Elizabeth Henson, did not shriek her last 'I don't want to be a might-have-been', but spoke it with a chilling quietness. On radio, Lob suffers more than anyone: we need to see him. Richard Goolden's voice had the right Puckish crackle.

In the past I have objected, perhaps automatically, to end-of-the-world dramas. A dramatist cannot afford to play the last trump—not, at least, in the theatre. On the air Elleston Trevor has left us with a question-mark in 'The Domesday Story' (Light). Has a bomb, exploded at Woomera, misfired or not; and, if it has, is civilisation doomed? It is an agreeable little query to leave in the mind on a calm Sunday evening. Love makes the world go round, but in this piece we fear that the H-2 may have ended it—and, with it, all the 'hard-bitten journalists' about whom Mr. Trevor writes with a knowing toughness that is slightly comic. I liked 'Jimpson, a journalist' who must crunch iron filings, and the masterful Mr. Jago, of Trans-Global Features. Indeed, I was enjoying them so much, these triple-plated men of E.C.4, that I almost forgot about the end of the world. That took the edge off Mr. Trevor's last moments; but no one would deny his sense of drama. The world went round as usual in 'Variety Playhouse' (Home), with everyone—including a guest whom sound-radio addicts will call haughtily 'a Miss Sylvia Peters'—regarding it as a point of honour to be rude to Vic Oliver. Everyone, that is, except an imitator of birdsong. He spoiled his excellent imitations by adding a fragrant-minute commentary, and I wished that, for a change, he had been rude to Mr. Oliver. After all, this is part of the exercise.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Exploring

'THE PATTERN IN NATURE' is a new series with the subtitle 'Five Landscapes Explored'. Last week in its first instalment it explored the country round Malham Tarn, the limestone area of the Yorkshire Pennines, a land of rocks, steep pastures, sheep, and scattered villages. This was a broadcast which scorned to employ any adventitious allurements—never a baa from the great flocks of sheep that graze the blue moor grass, sheep's fescue, and other grasses of the limestone pastures, not one trill from the huge flocks of curlews that haunt the Tarn contributed audible local colour to the proceeding, nor were the appropriate records borrowed from the B.B.C.'s vast store-room of dehydrated noises. Nor was any attempt made to hoodwink us into believing that the four speakers were actually prowling the Pennine slopes while executing their programme. In short, there was no hanky-panky about the thing. The conversation was introduced and guided on its course by Eric Ennion, and the other talkers were Arthur Raistrick, a geologist; Paul Holmes, a zoologist and Warden of Malham Tarn Field Study Centre; and the Assistant Warden, Charles Sinker, a botanist. Each of them contributed fascinating details about the rocks, soils, vegetation, birds and beasts of the area—details which combined into an impression of its visible and invisible life, animal, vegetable, and mineral. I find it delightful to learn that in limestone country the walls are white but that when we get to the millstone grit they are black; that the sheep love the rich, green, alkaline pastures of the limestone and dislike the pale, acid grassland of the Drift.

It was a different sort of exploration which Michael Harari undertook when he left his home in London to visit Israel. He was regarded by his friends, he said, as a 'British blunderbuss', but he described his family as 'a comparatively assimilated Jewish family'. His reason for his visit to Israel was, he thought, mere curiosity, but it was evident, by the time he had finished his extremely interesting talk 'The Discovered Country', that he had set out to discover himself. Mr. Harari's highly individual style as a broadcaster lies not only in the unemphatic, muted quality of his delivery, but also in his selection of sharply graphic details and his dry humour. His description of the extraordinary variety of types and nationalities who, like himself, had gravitated to Israel and of the life he led there was of absorbing human interest, the end especially, where he told of how, on his return to England after a year, he found it was no longer home and set off once more for Israel.

I was rather disappointed by Raphael Loewe's broadcast on 'Judaism', the third in the series 'Faith and Life'. Its emphasis, I thought, was laid too heavily on theology and doctrine, too lightly on life and faith. But it was a talk worth hearing.

I have not yet mentioned the exploration of Spanish culture called 'The Heritage of Spain', an admirable series, to judge by the programmes I have listened to. I found Professor E. M. Wilson very enlightening on the subject of the great influence of the popular ballad on poets such as Lope de Vega and Gongora, and, later, on Espronceda, and, later still, Lorca. Much Spanish drama, too, is based on old ballads.

Carmen Blacker in 'A House in Japan' talked, at nine o'clock in the morning, of her life in a Japanese home where she rented a room while a student in Japan. She described in detail the typical pattern of life lived in a house whose rooms are chairless and have paper screens for walls, so that you can comfortably converse with someone two rooms away from the one you sit in—and sit in, of course, on the floor. Nobody thought of moving quietly at night when other members of the household were asleep, or of lowering the voice in conversation; indeed Miss Blacker came to the conclusion that the Japanese hear only those noises they wish to hear. She seems to have adapted herself rapidly to the Japanese way of life. In no time she came to prefer sitting and sleeping on the floor, though she never, I think, became inured to the lack of privacy. It was a talk which amply repaid me for a somewhat hurried breakfast.

The exploration on which Walter de la Mare conducted me in his story 'Bad Company' landed me beyond mundane regions. He has the art, when he cares to use it, of building up an increasingly sinister atmosphere, and with this grim, mysterious story, read to me late at night, he induced in me a condition of waking nightmare from which I escaped only by going to bed and to sleep.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Parthian Shot

HAVING BEEN STOOD in the corner for a dunce by teacher in the Spanish class, where I seemed to be making satisfactory progress until I was caught yawning during a dull lesson, I feel some diffidence in writing about the programmes of the past week. For almost everywhere Spanish music, or Spanish influences, or Spanish ideas cropped up. There were three 'Heritage of Spain' programmes, and the chief editor of the series, Roberto Gerhard, contributed to a concert of contemporary music, in which Lorca was also commemorated, as well as to one of his own programmes. On Wednesday there was Herbert Murrill's Violoncello Concerto, which uses a Catalan melody, and there was Strauss' 'Don Quixote' in the Home Service as well as Mr. Harcourt Williams' on the Third—and, thank goodness! they have stopped calling that old gentleman 'Don Keehoatty'.

In the first of the Spanish programmes the Concerto for harpsichord and chamber orchestra by Falla stood head and shoulders above the rest. This is music ablaze with an inner fire. It is not so sensuously beautiful and therefore not so immediately likable as the 'Nights in the Gardens of Spain', which I was sorry to miss hearing, being by the time it was played on the first stage of the road towards that (I hope) sunny clime. But the Concerto is intensely alive, and it is sad that its composer did not apparently complete any other work after it was written. If it contains, as we were told, the quintessence of Falla's nationalism, it is also cosmopolitan in its neo-classicism, which has affinities with the contemporary output of Stravinsky and Prokofiev. Lionel Salter played the solo part with great verve, and he must not be faulted for hard hitting, for percussiveness is in the very nature of this music.

He also accompanied Adrienne Cole in a cycle of Love Songs by Granados, which became in bulk rather wearisome. Granados is a composer to take in small doses, when he can be charming. The songs are also exceedingly difficult, with a high tessitura which put too great a strain on the singer.

The inclusion in this programme of the almost forty-year-old Sonata for violin and pianoforte by Oscar Espla is difficult to understand. All the skilled advocacy of Antonio Brosa and Kathleen Long could not redeem its dull prolixity. The music of Turina is obviously more exciting, if only because it is gaily coloured, but it really amounts to little more than a set of musical picture postcards of the Andalusian scene, which Falla painted with greater art in 'The Three-Cornered Hat' and in the 'Fantasia Baetica', which Eduardo de Puego included in his recital. Rodrigo's 'Concerto d'Eté', ably played by Christian Ferras, proved attractive and effectively written for the violin, but hardly an important composition.

Indeed, as far as modern music is concerned these programmes seem to indicate a decline, and to support the proposition that the best Spanish music has been written by foreigners—by Russians, by Frenchmen, and even by an Englishman. Roberto Gerhard's Concerto, alive and interesting though it is, suffered from being heard immediately after Falla's. And the Italian Luigo Nono's tribute to Lorca, though at first it seemed too spasmodic, ended by convincing one of its validity, so that one wished to hear it again and correct the possibly wrong first impression created by its opening page. Perhaps Messrs. Gerhard and Salter might have cast their net wider. There are compositions by the Majorcan composer, Torrandell, which, if not of the first magnitude, have a real poetic charm and are quite as worthy of a hearing as some of the things included in these programmes. Incident-

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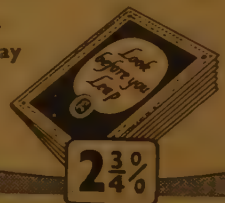

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ally, Torrandell has preserved in some of his music folk-melodies from Pollensa which were in danger of disappearing.

As the 'Heritage of Spain' is nearing its end, and I shall not have another opportunity of discussing it, I do not wish to end on a querulous note. The editors are to be congratulated on the range and interest of these programmes, which, in the early stages, brought us hitherto unknown examples of exceptional beauty and some memorable performances. Roberto Gerhard's introductory talks were wholly admirable, helpful and informative, and one hopes that they will eventually form the basis of a less ephemeral exposition of the subject I have, however, heard complaints that listeners with no Spanish found him difficult to follow owing to the frequent incursion of words and names, which they might know in print but could not recognise in his fluent Spanish. It might be better, in principle, to have such talks delivered by someone with a Stratford-atte-Bowe Spanish (or other) accent.

Of the non-Iberian works heard, the most important, measured by size, was the Metropolitan Opera's performance of Die Meistersinger', which was no better, and in some respects was a good deal worse, than performances we hear on this side of the Atlantic. The best individual performance was the always admirable Sachs of Paul Schoeffler. And there was a good Beckmesser. For the rest, the soprano was too hard-voiced for Eva, the two tenors sang with tight, throaty tone, and the conductor plodded rather heavily through the score. But what incentive was there for him to attend to the poetry of the music before an audience which broke in with applause on the most magical passage of all as the curtain falls on the second act, and even managed to drown a good bit of the entr'acte music in the third act?

The nasty little piece called 'The Dictator' by Krenek, seemed to me remarkable chiefly for its date of composition. Written while Hitler was still in the early stages of his progress to power, it is uncannily prophetic in its revelation of the baleful fascination which the German dictator was able to exercise upon his victims. All that can be said for the music is that it adequately supports the atmosphere of Grand Guignol melodrama in which the characters move.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Bizet's First Full-length Opera

By WINTON DEAN

'Les Pêcheurs de Perles' will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Thursday, April 1 (Third)

WHEN Bizet returned from Rome in the autumn of 1860 he knew that a stony path lay ahead. The Prix de Rome was no more a guarantee of public success than is a state scholarship today; even the Opéra-Comique, which received a subsidy for the production of the one-act operas required of the prize-winners, often postponed the responsibility for years, if not for ever. So far Bizet's talent had shone equally in dramatic and symphonic music, and he had ambitions in both quarters. But the openings for a French symphonist were negligible, and were to remain so till after the Franco-Prussian War; even Pasdeloup's Concerts Populaires de Musique Classique, which had to cultivate a taste for the classics before the ultra-conservative audience would be brought within the same room as a piece of contemporary music, did not begin till 1861. For a young composer who was not a church organist the only career lay in the theatre.

Here the obstacles were of a different kind. Of the two state houses, the Opéra had long been a closed shop; its conventions were as rigid as its public, whose concerns were more social than artistic, and its repertory consisted almost entirely of foreign music and revivals. The Opéra-Comique was open to native talent provided it conformed to a single type, the elegantly superficial style popularised by Auber, which had been fossilised for more than a generation. (Auber, who was nearly fifty-seven years older than Bizet, went on turning out *opéras-comiques* to the same pattern throughout the 'sixties.) There were the operetta theatres, exactly suited to Second Empire taste, in which Offenbach and a few others made their fortunes; but their aim was too low to satisfy a serious composer.

The only other operatic venture was Carvalho's Théâtre-Lyrique, less rigid than the state theatres and (perhaps for that reason) condemned to permanent financial insecurity. Carvalho was responsible for the few important productions of the period, including Berlioz' 'Les Troyens à Carthage', most of Gounod's best work, and Bizet's first two operas; but the circumstances were hardly such as to encourage a composer who took a serious view of his art. The butcheries inflicted on 'Les Troyens' (produced five weeks after 'Les Pêcheurs de Perles') are familiar to readers of Berlioz' *Memoirs*. Carvalho had the excuse that his finances were strained; but in all the French theatres the composer took a very low place in the hierarchy. He was expected to make concessions wholesale, especially (but not exclusively) to the singers, who were no more concerned than the manager to preserve any artistic unity the opera might possess. At the Théâtre-Lyrique the position was complicated by the fact that the *prima donna* was the manager's wife.

The fantastic amount of log-rolling that went on behind the scenes extended to the press. Seldom has the level of musical criticism anywhere fallen so low as in France under the Second Empire. There were one or two notable exceptions, such as Berlioz and his successor Reyer, but most of the critics were ignorant, cynical, and dishonest. Inevitably many people acquired an interest in suppressing the young composer. For a whole generation Berlioz waged a lone war against this state of affairs, which finally broke his spirit; it is no matter for surprise that composers like Gounod and Bizet, who lacked the rugged Alpine streak in Berlioz' character, were at times deflected from their course. It is salutary for us to recall that Gounod was consistently denied the gift of melody and belittled as the imitator of composers as different as Handel, Gluck, Spontini, Schumann, and Wagner, and that as late as 1862 Scudo, the influential critic of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, took him severely to task for exposing himself to the late Beethoven quartets, 'the polluted source from which have sprung the evil musicians of modern Germany, the Liszts, Wagners, Schumanns, not to mention Mendelssohn in certain equivocal details of his style'. The famous fiasco of the fifteen-year-old 'Tannhäuser' at the Paris Opéra in 1860 will surprise no one who has studied the background.

A year or so after his return Bizet wrote the final *envoi* of his Rome scholarship, the one-act 'La Guzla de l'Emir'. This was put into rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique in 1862 but withdrawn when Carvalho, fortified by an offer from the retiring Minister of Fine Arts to subsidise a full-length opera by a young Rome scholar, offered Bizet the libretto of 'Les Pêcheurs de Perles'. This was the one notable stroke of luck in Bizet's rather unhappy career. His withdrawal of 'La Guzla de l'Emir' was an act neither of high principle nor of time-serving, as his admirers and detractors have ingeniously suggested; it simply complied with the terms of the Minister's offer, that the composer must not have had an opera already staged (presumably the little operetta 'Le Docteur Miracle', produced five years earlier, was not serious enough to count). No doubt the music of the one-act piece was swallowed up in 'Les Pêcheurs de Perles' (the oriental subject was common to both), as were excerpts from earlier works, mostly unpublished—a cantata, an *opera buffa*, a funeral march for orchestra, and a Te Deum, whose 'Pleni sunt coeli' section was wondrously transformed into a hymn to Brahma.

'Les Pêcheurs de Perles' was produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique on September 30, 1863, and provoked a memorable crop of imbecilities from the press, including charges of Wagnerism, 'enthusiasm', and 'harmonic bizarreries born of a misdirected search for originality'. Bizet was told that his talent was only fit for operetta, and that he made far too much noise ('a *fortissimo* in three acts'). The one sensible notice came from Berlioz, at the very end of his career as a critic: he laid his finger at once on those parts of the score in which the Bizet of 'L'Arlésienne' and 'Carmen' can now be discerned, and also on its chief weaknesses. The opera was coolly received by the public, and after eighteen performances disappeared from the stage for twenty-three years. Bizet later rebuked one of his pupils for buying the vocal score. He may at some time have revised it (perhaps during the original run), for some very poor patches in the 1863 edition were replaced later.

That Bizet's first full-length opera should show some uncertainty of style is natural when we remember that he was not yet twenty-five; nor can his fiery but easily downcast temperament have made it easy for him, at such a time, to steer a course between the demands of art, singers, and worldly ambition. He was not helped by the libretto turned out by the firm of Carré and Cormon. The story combines two favourite gambits, the oriental setting and the poignant spectacle of a (theoretically) virgin priestess endeavouring not unsuccessfully to combine business and pleasure. The librettists handled this very casually; they were so concerned with the sexual side of the equation that they scarcely tried to make the background convincing or even consistent.

Yet it was this background that most inspired Bizet. His love music, though often charming, is heavily indebted to Gounod; but the 'Indian' choruses (the scene is Ceylon), especially the dance and the nocturne that begin Acts I and II and the orgiastic second finale, have a vivid personal note quite new in French music. The delicate economy of the scoring at the beginning of Act II, where a chorus is accompanied only by a tambourine and two piccolos and an air by oboe and harp, looks forward to 'L'Arlésienne'. Parts of the score owe something to Verdi and Meyerbeer, especially in Act III, which is considerably weaker than its predecessors, and Bizet never quite manages to bring the characters to life. But considering that the librettists were openly cynical about their own work, it is astonishing how much vitality and charm the opera retains. It can still grip a theatre audience.

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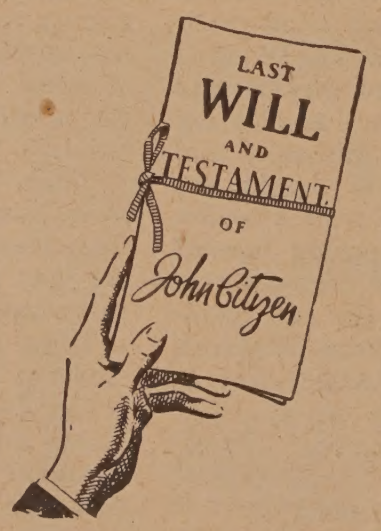

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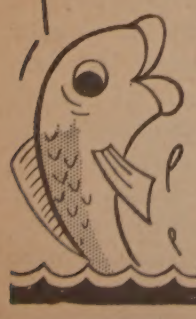

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The advice of manufacturers on washing linoleum is simply this: use as little water as possible, and warm water for preference; a mild soap, or soapless detergent, and a cloth, not a brush. Then mop the floor off with a dry cloth. Do not slop water about so that it lies anywhere in a puddle. Household sponges made of cellulose are good for this job.

For regular routine care, much the best thing is treatment with good quality wax polish. You do not need a great deal—in fact, too much only makes for stickiness. You should put the polish on with a soft, clean cloth. I find it helps if the cloth is warm, likewise the polishing duster for the next stage. I have a set of polish cloths I made from woven material, the stuff that is sold in rolls for car-cleaning jobs. If you chop off a few lengths and hem them, these make excellent polish appliers.

How often a floor needs polish depends on how much wear and tear it gets. But after the surface is well waxed it ought to keep clean for several days, provided it gets a quick dusting with a dry mop every day. The waxing feeds it, keeps it supple, and gritty dirt will not work in through weak places.

If you have to deal with neglected linoleum, you can use paraffin or white spirit. But this is only to be used in exceptional circumstances. It is too drastic for routine cleaning. Here is the method. Damp a soft cloth with a little of the paraffin or spirit, and go over a small patch of linoleum. You will find it picks up even quite engrained dirt. Then, straight away, dry the patch with a clean, absorbent cloth. You do not want to give the spirit a chance to soak in. Do not use inflammable spirit near a fire of any sort. Finally, of course, the linoleum is ready to take an application of wax polish.

Next, there is the question of what to do with old, shabby linoleum. I use a special paint very successfully. There are various kinds to be had, in quite a fair range of colours, and they are easy enough to apply. But there is one instruction which has to be followed very carefully. You do have to wash the linoleum thoroughly before you begin painting. One final point: as soon as the paint has dried off absolutely hard, it is the better for some wax polish. Polish gives just a little extra surface protection.

RUTH DREW

TROUBLE-FREE ROASTING

A time- and trouble-saving method of roasting meat or poultry is the 'no-basting, no-vegetable-boiling' one. Choose three vegetables, say, carrots, white cabbage, and onions. Slice equal quantities into the bottom of a fireproof glass or earthenware bowl. Pour on some liquified dripping, margarine, or butter. Set your piece of meat or chicken on this bed of vegetables and cover over with another, slightly larger bowl. Put this rather strange contraption into the oven, allow the same time and temperature as for ordinary baking-tin roasting, and forget the whole thing until it is time to dish up.

Then just lift out the meat (if it is a fowl the breast will be nicely browned), and strain the fat from the vegetables, seasoning them to taste before serving. The only washing up this makes is two bowls and one strainer. A covered tin does not produce the same results. Either the vegetables are done before the meat or fowl, or else they are soggy. Sometimes the sog even sticks to the thin, tin base, and this is disastrous.

PHYLLIS CRADOCK

Notes on Contributors

RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS (*page 507*): on the editorial staff of *The Economist*

GEORGE PENDLE (*page 508*): British Council representative in Paraguay during part of the war; author of *Uruguay, South America's First Welfare State*, and *Paraguay: A Riverside Nation*

CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH (*page 517*): author of *The Reason Why, Florence Nightingale*, etc.

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER (*page 521*): Slade Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge University; Art Editor of Penguin Books; author of *The Buildings of England, Academies of Art, Past and Present, An Enquiry into Industrial Art in England*, etc.

O. G. SUTTON, F.R.S. (*page 522*): Director of the Meteorological Office; Bashforth Professor of Mathematical Physics at the Military College of Science, Shrivenham since 1947; author of: *Micrometeorology, Atmospheric Turbulence*, etc.

PHILIP SPENCER (*page 535*): formerly Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge; author of *Politics of Belief in Nineteenth-Century France*, and *Flaubert: a Biography*

Crossword No. 1,247. For a Rainy Day By Altair

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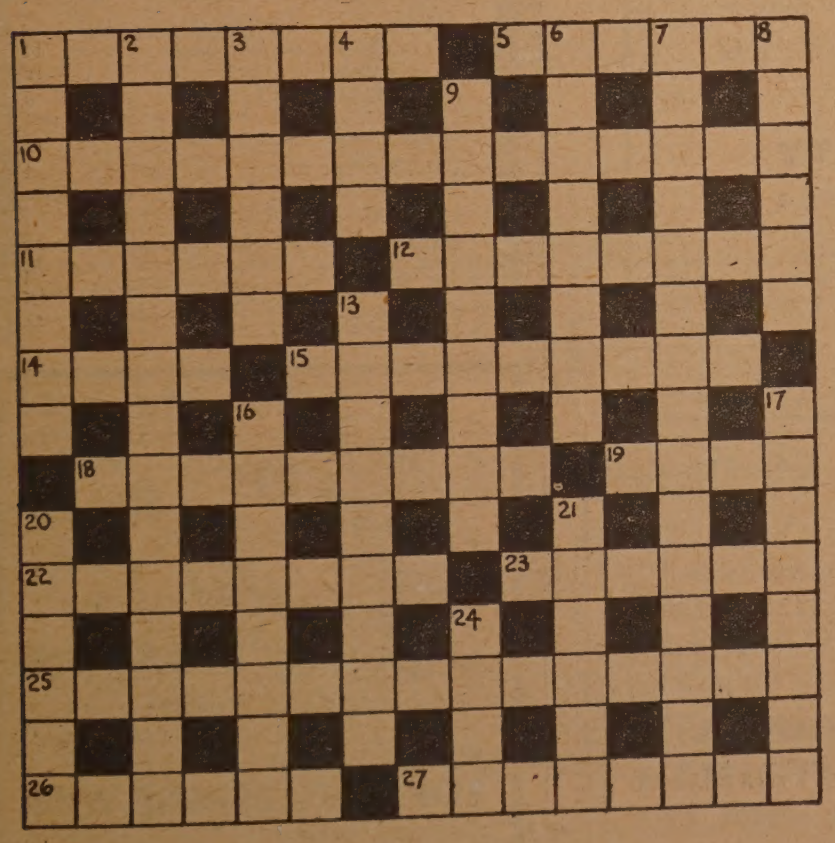

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CLUES—ACROSS

1. Party set for decoration (8).
5. Esther was Moore's Plymouth Sister (6).
10. Hants railway meeting place (15, two words)
11. Helps to pass the time (6).
12. Elastic (8).
14. 'Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded —— or shell?' (Milton) (4).
15. Haunts of O.T. announcers (9).
18. Fresh blade? (9, two words).
19. Doesn't sound a healthy approach for Santa (4).
22. Chinese presents (8).
23. Thin bread and butter (6).
25. Strange that life should be just this, according to the song (15, four words)
26. The news we all await (6).
27. A letter from Dame Melba and a spicy rearrangement (8).

DOWN

1. In spite of its name, this usually passes off quietly (8).
2. Often a stern affair in a show specimen (15, two words).
3. 'Rich in —— common sense' (6).
4. Lover's O'More (4).
6. Old ensigns (8).
7. Papal ice mission (anag.) (15).
8. Old red lead (6).
9. Short shift famed in every sea (9, two words).
13. The lady in the case (9).
16. 'Saint —— be thy speed' (8).
17. In one sense a fresh agreement with the landlord (8).
21. This Scottish isle can easily be turned into a beetle (6).
24. Smollett called Johnson the great one of literature (4).

Solution of No. 1,245

P	A	R	T	I	S	A	N	S	H	I	P	C
R	C	E	O	R	L	M	O	T	I	L	E	O
O	I	L	S	H	O	P	S	R	E	I	G	N
S	C	I	S	S	E	L	T	E	R	R	A	S
O	U	S	E	I	N	E	R	E	E	C	R	E
D	L	H	S	T	R	O	U	T	M	O	A	C
I	A	P	P	E	A	R	M	Y	A	L	L	U
A	R	I	L	O	D	A	L	S	C	U	E	T
L	I	L	A	C	S	T	R	E	A	M	N	I
I	D	U	N	E	S	O	I	R	U	B	O	V
C	A	L	A	N	D	R	A	S	A	S	I	D	E
A	R	A	D	E	P	I	C	L	I	N	A	L
X	E	R	E	S	M	O	R	O	S	E	L	Y

NOTES

31A. 'The Visit of the Gods'. **40A.** LI-LAC. **3D.** Speed's speech, 'Two Gentlemen of Verona', ii. 1. **8D.** NO-STRUM. **32D.** 'Let's to billiards', 'Antony and Cleopatra,' ii, 5.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: D. A. Nicholls (Chester); 2nd prize: G. Webster (London, S.W.7); 3rd prize: W. E. Tucker (Grays Hill).

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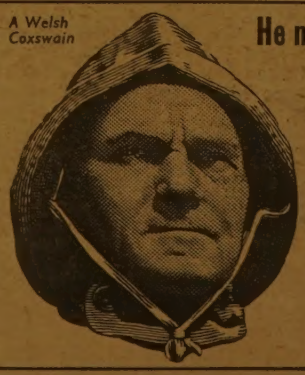

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